The Mill on the Floss

George Eliot

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

GEORGE ELIOT

Simplified
and brought within the 2,500 word vocabulary
of the New Method Supplementary Readers Stage 7
by

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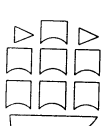

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MR AND MRS PULLET

MR AND MRS DEANE AND LUCY

MAGGIE

'George Eliot'

TOM

MR AND MRS GLEGG

MR AND MRS TULLIVER

PHILIP WAKEM

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Book One

BOY AND GIRL

One

DORLCOTE MILL

A wide plain—where the broadening River Floss hurries between its green banks to the sea. At the mouth of the river lies the little town of St Ogg. Here come the ships loaded with wood or oil-seed or coal, and their red-brown sails are seen up-lifted among the trees.

Just by the red-roofed town a little stream, named the Ripple, flows with a lively current into the Floss. How lovely the little river is with the dark, ever-changing colours of its water; it seems like a living companion while one wanders along the bank and listens to its quiet, loving voice.

See those large trees whose branches overhang the stream. . . .

Here is the stone bridge. . . .

And this is Dorlcote Mill.

Even on this damp evening of leafless February the mill is pleasant to look upon. The comfortable dwelling-house of the miller is as old as the trees that shelter it from the northern winds, and the rush of the water under the mill-wheel is like a great curtain of sound shutting one off from the world beyond.

A little girl is standing on the edge of the water, and a white dog with one brown ear is jumping and barking at her side. She is watching the never-resting wheel scattering its diamond shower of water.

It is time she went into the house, for there is a bright fire to tempt her; its red light shines out through the window under the deepening grey of the sky. And her mother and father, Mr and Mrs Tulliver, are sitting there by the fire and talking.

"What I want," says Mr Tulliver, "what I want is . . ."

Two

MR TULLIVER DECIDES ABOUT TOM

"What I want," said Mr Tulliver, "what I want is to give Tom a good education, an education that will help him to earn a living. That school where he is now would have been good enough if I meant to make a miller or a farmer of him; but I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholar. I want him to be able to talk and write well; it would be a help to me when I bring cases in the law-courts. I don't want to make an actual lawyer of the lad; I should be sorry for him to be a rascal. I'd like him to be a business man or a land-valuer—like Riley. Riley looks Lawyer Wakem in the face as hard as one cat looks at another; *he*'s not frightened of Wakem."

"Well, you know best," said Mrs Tulliver. "I've no objection. But hadn't I better kill a couple of nice fat birds and have the aunts and uncles to dinner? Then you may hear what my sisters, Mrs Glegg and Mrs Pullet, have got to say about it."

"You may kill every hen in the yard, if you like, Bessy; but I shall not ask the advice of any aunt or uncle as to what I'm to do with my own son," said Mr Tulliver.

Mrs Tulliver was shocked. "How can you talk like that, Mr Tulliver!—But you always do speak disrespectfully of my family. I say that it's lucky for my children to have well-to-do aunts and uncles. However, if Tom is to go to a new school, I should like him to go somewhere where I can wash and mend his clothes. And, when the box of clothes is going to and fro, I might send the lad a cake or some apples. He will be glad to have the extra bit of food, whether they feed him well or not. My children can eat more than most children can—thank God."

"Well, well," said Mr Tulliver, "we won't send him too far away for that. But what I'm thinking about is how to find the right sort of school to send Tom to. . . ."

Mr Tulliver paused, and pushed both his hands into his pockets as if he hoped to find some suggestion there. Apparently he did; for presently he said, "I know what I'll do; I'll talk it over with Riley; he's coming tomorrow to settle that quarrel about the bridge. He's been educated himself. I want Tom to be a man like Riley, a man who can talk well, and has a good knowledge of business too."

He paused.

"What I'm afraid of," he continued, "is that Tom hasn't got the right sort of brains. He's a bit slow. He's like your family, Bessy."

"Yes, that he is," said Mrs Tulliver; "he takes a lot of salt on his food; that was my brother's way, and my father's too."

"Our little girl, Maggie, is more like my side of the family: she's twice as quick as Tom. Too clever for a woman, I'm afraid," said Mr Tulliver, nodding his head seriously. "An over-clever woman is like a long-tailed sheep—she'll fetch none the bigger price for that."

"All her cleverness runs into naughtiness," said Mrs Tulliver, rising and going to the window. "I can't keep her in a clean dress for two hours. I don't know where she is now, and it's nearly tea-time. Ah, I thought so!—wandering up and down by the water like a wild thing: she'll fall in some day and be drowned."

Mrs Tulliver opened the window and called to Maggie to come in.

"You talk of cleverness, Mr Tulliver," she said as she sat down, "but I'm sure the child is half a fool in some things. If I send her upstairs to fetch anything, she forgets what she's gone for; and sometimes she sits on the floor in the sunshine and sings to herself like a mad creature while I'm waiting for her downstairs. That's not in my side of the family—nor is her brown skin either."

"Nonsense!" said Mr Tulliver. "She's as fine a girl as anyone could wish to see; and she can read as well as the priest."

"But her hair won't curl—not with all I can do to it."

"Cut it off! Cut it off short," said Mr Tulliver.

"How can you talk so! She's nine years old, too big to have short hair. And her cousin Lucy has got a row of curls round her head. It seems hard that my sister Deane should have that pretty child.—Maggie, Maggie," continued the mother as this small mistake of nature entered the room, "what's the use of my telling you to keep away from the water? You'll fall in and get drowned some day! Don't throw your hat down there; take it upstairs. And change your shoes, and then go on with your sewing."

"Oh, mother," said Maggie in a cross voice, "I don't want to do my sewing."

"Not want to sew a pretty table-cloth for your aunt Glegg?"

"I don't want to do anything for my aunt Glegg; I don't like her."

Maggie went out, dragging her hat by the string, while Mr Tulliver laughed loudly.

"I'm surprised at your laughing at her, Mr Tulliver," said the mother. "You encourage her in her naughtiness; and her aunts blame me for not teaching her better."

Three

MR RILEY GIVES ADVICE ABOUT A SCHOOL

"I've been thinking about something," said Mr Tulliver as he turned his head and looked earnestly at Mr Riley.

"Ah?" said Mr Riley in a tone of mild interest. Mr Riley was a slow and solemn person; and for this reason Mr Tulliver had great faith in him.

"It's a very important thing," he went on; "it's about my boy, Tom."

At the sound of this name Maggie, who was seated close by the fire with a book, looked up eagerly. Few sounds roused Maggie when she was dreaming over her book; but Tom's name served as well as the loudest whistle. In an instant she was on the

watch, ready to attack anyone who threatened danger to Tom.

"I want to send him to a new school at Midsummer—a really good school."

"Well," said Mr Riley, "there's no greater advantage in life than a good education; although," he added politely, "a man can be an excellent miller or farmer without much help from the schoolmaster."

"Ah, but I don't mean Tom to be a miller or a farmer. I shall give Tom a good education and put him into a business, so that he may make a nest for himself and not want to push me out of mine."

Maggie was listening. Tom, it appeared, was supposed to be wicked enough to want to turn her father out of his own home. She jumped from her chair and her book fell on the floor; then, running between her father's knees, she said in a half-crying, half-angry voice:

"Father, Tom wouldn't be naughty to you—ever. I know he wouldn't.

"What! No one must say any harm of Tom, eh?" said Mr Tulliver, laughing. "Well, he's a good boy."

Maggie was satisfied and retired.

"It's a pity she wasn't the lad," said Mr Tulliver when she had gone; "she would have been clever enough to beat all the lawyers."

"But your lad isn't dull, is he?" asked Mr Riley.

"Well, he is clever at things out-of-doors, and he's got a lot of common sense. But he's slow with his tongue; he hates books and spells badly—so they tell me; and you never hear him say clever things like the little girl. Now I want to send him to a school where they'll make him quick with his tongue and his pen, and make a clever fellow of him. I want my son to be equal to those people who have beaten me because they've had better schooling."

"You're right, Tulliver," said Mr Riley. "Better spend money on your son's education than leave the money to him after you're dead."

"Now I expect that you know of just the right school for Tom?" asked Mr Tulliver.

Mr Riley paused a long time before replying.

"I know of a very fine chance for anyone who has got the necessary money. The fact is, I wouldn't recommend any friend of mine to send a boy to a regular school, if he could afford to do better. A boy ought to get the best teaching, and he ought to be the companion of his master, and that master ought to be a very first-class fellow. And I know the right man."

Mr Tulliver's face was eager. "Well, let's hear," he said.

"He's an Oxford man, a clergyman. He's very fond of teaching, and wishes to keep up his studies. He's willing to take one or two boys as pupils. The boys would be treated as members of the family—always under Stelling's eye."

"And how much money would Mr Stelling want?" said Mr Tulliver, who suspected that this wonderful man would demand a high price.

"Why, I know of a clergyman who asks a hundred and fifty pounds, and he's not as good as Stelling."

"A hundred and fifty!" said Mr Tulliver. "I never thought of paying so much as that."

"A good education is cheap at the price; but Stelling is a moderate man. I've no doubt he'll take your boy at a hundred. I'll write to him about it if you like."

Mr Riley was a man of business, and he knew his own interests. He knew very little about Mr Stelling—but Stelling was a son-in-law of Timpson, and Timpson was an important man in the place and could send Riley a lot of business.

And it is pleasant to be able to give advice when it is asked for.

Four

TOM IS EXPECTED

It was a great disappointment to Maggie that she was not allowed to go with her father in the cart when he went to fetch

Tom from the school; but Mrs Tulliver said that the morning was too wet. Maggie disagreed strongly. Soon afterwards Mrs Tulliver tried to brush Maggie's hair; but Maggie was revengefully determined that there should be no curls that day. Rushing from under her mother's hands, she put her head in a bowl of water.

"Maggie, Maggie!" exclaimed Mrs Tulliver, sitting helplessly with the brushes in her lap, "what will be the end of you if you are so naughty? I'll tell your aunt Glegg and your aunt Pullet when they come next week, and they'll never love you any more. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Look at your clean dress, wet from top to bottom! People will think that . . ."

But Maggie was already out of hearing. She was making her way to a disused room at the top of the house—right under the roof—shaking the water from her head as she ran, like a dog escaped from his bath.

This room was Maggie's favourite place of retreat. Here she got rid of her fits of ill-temper, and here she kept someone—something—which she punished for all her misfortunes. It was a large, legless wooden *doll*. It had once had the roundest eyes and the reddest cheeks; but its face was now entirely spoilt by a long history of suffering in sympathy with its owner's sorrows. Three nails driven into the head remained as memories of three sad events in Maggie's life. The third nail had been driven in with a fiercer stroke than usual, for the doll on that occasion represented aunt Glegg. But immediately afterwards an idea came to Maggie: if she drove so many nails in she would not be able to fancy that the head was hurt when she knocked it against the wall; nor would she be able to comfort and heal it when her fury had passed; even aunt Glegg would be pitiable if she were hurt too much. . . . Since then she had driven no more nails in, but had comforted herself by beating or grinding the wooden head against the rough bricks of the chimney. That was what she did this morning, *sobbing** all the time with a passion that drove away every other thought—even the memory of the wrong which had caused it.

*A sob = a drawing in of the breath while weeping. To sob = to weep in this manner.

As at last the sobs grew less and the grinding less fierce, a sudden beam of sunshine came into the room. She threw away the doll and ran to the window. The sun was really breaking through the clouds; the sound of the mill seemed cheerful again; and there was Yap, the white and brown dog, running about aimlessly as if he were in search of a companion.

She ran downstairs, peeped along the passage for fear that she might meet her mother, then rushed out into the yard, where she danced round and round singing, "Yap, Yap—Tom's coming home!" And Yap danced with her and barked round her.

"Hi! miss, if you dance round and round like that you'll fall down in the mud," said Luke, the head miller, a tall, broad-shouldered man, black-eyed, black-haired, and covered with flour.

Maggie paused. "Luke, may I go into the mill with you?" she asked. Maggie loved to linger in the great spaces of the mill: the continuous roar, the unresting motion of the great stones, gave her a feeling of reverence; the fine white powder over everything and the pure, sweet smell helped to make Maggie feel that the mill was a little world apart from her everyday life.

She sat on a heap of corn near the place where Luke was working.

"I think you never read any book but the Bible—did you, Luke?" she asked after a time.

"No, miss; and not much of that," answered Luke. "I'm no reader, I'm not."

"But if I lent you one of my books, Luke, would you read it? I've got a very nice book about Dutchmen."

"No, miss. I don't want to know about Dutchmen; I've got to keep accounts of the corn and the flour, and I haven't time to know many things beside my work."

"Why, you're like my brother, Tom. Tom's not fond of reading. I love Tom so dearly, Luke—better than anyone else in the world. When I grow up I shall keep his house and we shall always live together. I can tell him everything he doesn't

"Yap, Yap—Tom's coming home!"

know. I think Tom's clever, although he doesn't like books; he can make beautiful whips and rabbit-houses."

"Ah," said Luke, "but he'll be very sad—for the rabbits are all dead."

"Dead!" screamed Maggie, jumping up from her seat on the corn. "Oh, dear, Luke! What, the one with big ears, and the spotted one that Tom spent all his money to buy?"

"All dead."

"Oh, Luke," said Maggie in a piteous tone, while the big tears rolled down her cheeks, "Tom told me to see that the man took care of them; he told me to go and see them every day—and I forgot! What *shall* I do? Oh, he'll be so angry with me; I know he will—and so sorry about his rabbits. And I'm so sorry too. Oh, what *shall* I do?"

"Don't you worry, miss. Will you come along home with me and see my wife? I'm going this minute."

Five

TOM COMES HOME

Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon.

At last the sound of the wheels was heard. Mrs Tulliver came outside the door, and even held her hand on Maggie's offending head, forgetting all the griefs of the morning.

"There he is, my sweet lad! But he's not got a collar on; it's been lost on the road, I suppose; and I'll have to buy another one."

Mrs Tulliver stood with her arms open, and Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other, while Tom descended from the cart. He thought himself too much of a man to show any tender emotions. "Hallo, Yap—are you there!" was his only greeting.

However, he submitted to be kissed; but, while Maggie hung on his neck, his blue-grey eyes wandered towards the river

where he intended to fish as early as possible tomorrow morning. He was just an ordinary boy—one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and at twelve or thirteen years of age look all just alike.

"Maggie," said Tom, taking her into a corner as soon as his mother had gone, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets." He nodded his head mysteriously.

"No," said Maggie. "How full they look. Tom! Is it nuts?"

"Nuts! No, silly; the nuts are still green. See here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie in a whisper. "I can't see anything but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's a new . . . Guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie impatiently.

"Well, don't lose your temper, or I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back in his pocket and looking determined.

"No, Tom," begged Maggie, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in his pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it's only because I can't bear guessing. *Please* be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly became loose again, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fishing-line*—two new ones—one all for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't buy any sweets at school just so as to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't.—I say, we'll go and fish in the river tomorrow, won't we?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms round Tom's neck and hold her cheek against his without speaking—while he slowly pulled out some of the line. Then he said, after a pause, "Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know I *needn't* have bought it, if I hadn't chosen to——"

"Yes, very—very good. . . . I do love you, Tom!"

"Now I must go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart stood still with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence,

*String, etc., used in catching fish.

thinking how she could tell him the news in such a way as to soften his sorrow and his anger. For Maggie feared Tom's anger more than anything.

"Tom," she said timidly when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Five shillings and sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got more than that in my box upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got far more money than you, because I'm a boy."

"I want you to buy some more rabbits with it."

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom—they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. "You forgot to look after them." His cheeks became red for a moment, then pale again. "I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me tomorrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day."

He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot—and I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't, Tom. I'm very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom sternly, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fishing-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive *you* if you forgot anything. I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd always forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly; but I never do forget things—I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, holding on to Tom's arm and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying sharply, "Now, Maggie, you must listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-yes," wept Maggie.

"Didn't I save my money to buy you a fishing-line, and wouldn't buy sweets, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

"Ye-ye-yes . . . and I . . . lo-lo-love you, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you spoilt my paint-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fishing-line away when I'd set you to watch it, and . . ."

"But I didn't mean it," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd attended to what you were doing. You're a naughty girl and you shan't go fishing with me tomorrow."

With this terrible conclusion Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to see Luke there and talk to him about the rabbits.

Maggie stood motionless—except for her sobs; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her room under the roof. There she sat on the floor and laid her head against the wall, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom had come home, and she had thought how happy she would be—and now he was cruel to her. What was the use of anything, if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him her money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom—had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

She did not think of beating or grinding the doll; she was too miserable to be angry. . . .

Maggie thought she must have been there for hours. It must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself —hide behind that barrel, and stay there all night. . . .

And then she heard a step on the stair.

Tom had been talking to Luke, walking round the garden, cutting sticks—too interested to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her.

Then he was called in to tea.

"Why, where's my little girl? Where's your little sister?" said his father and Mrs Tulliver almost at the same moment.

"I don't know," said Tom.

"What! Hasn't she been playing with you all this time?" said her father. "She's been thinking of nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her these two hours," said Tom, beginning to eat a piece of cake.

"Goodness! she's got drowned!" exclaimed Mrs Tulliver, running to the window.

"No, she's not drowned," said Mr Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, Tom, haven't you?"

"Perhaps she's up there under the roof," said Mrs Tulliver, "singing and talking to herself and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr Tulliver rather sharply, suspecting that the lad had been hard upon his little girl—or she would have never left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Or I'll give you a lesson!"

It was Tom's step that Maggie heard on the stairs. She knew it was Tom's step. He stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed at him and threw her arms round his neck, sobbing: "Oh, Tom, please forgive me—I can't bear it—I will always be good—always remember things. Do love me—please, dear Tom!"

She rubbed her cheek against his and kissed his ear in an aimless way; and there was a tenderness in the lad which made him forget his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved. He actually began to kiss her in return, and say:

"Don't cry then, Magsie. Here, eat a bit of cake."

She put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece, and then Tom bit a piece, and they ate together.

"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last.

Next morning they were sitting by the river-side, fishing.

"Look, look, Maggie," said Tom in a loud whisper.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought up a great fish onto the grass.

Tom was excited. "Oh, Magsie, you little dear! Empty the basket."

Maggie did not know what she had done to earn this praise; but it was enough that Tom had called her "Magsie" and was pleased with her. There was pure delight for her in the whispers

and in the dreamy silences; she listened to the light sounds of the rising fish and the gentle murmuring of the branches about her as if the trees and the grass and the water had their joyous whisperings also.

It was one of their happy mornings.

Six

THE AUNTS AND UNCLES ARE COMING

Mrs Tulliver was busy making cakes; they were even lighter than usual; "A puff of wind would make them blow about like feathers," said Kezia, the maidservant, proud to serve under a mistress who could make such wonders. So all looked well for the family gathering at which sister Glegg and sister Pullet would be consulted about Tom's going to school.

Mrs Tulliver thought it would be wise to consult them. "But I'd rather not invite sister Deane this time," she said; "she always tries to make the worst of my children."

"Oh, ask her to come," said Mr Tulliver. "I never get a talk with Deane now; we haven't seen him for six months. What does it matter what she says? We don't need her favour—or her money."

"There's no one in *your* family who will leave any money to the children at her death; but there's my sister Glegg and sister Pullet saving up money all the time."

"Huh!" said Mr Tulliver. "What do your sisters' bits of money matter, when they have so many to divide them among? Besides, your sister Deane might persuade them to leave all their money to her child."

"I don't know what sister Deane might not get them to do, for my children are so troublesome with their aunts and uncles Maggie is ten times naughtier when they come than she is on other days; and Tom doesn't like them—though that's natural in a boy. But Lucy Deane is such a good girl: you may set her

on a chair and she'll sit there for a whole hour and never try to get off. I can't help loving that child as if she were my own."

"Well, if you're so fond of the child, ask her father and mother to bring her; and ask if Lucy may stay a day or two. Won't you invite my sister, aunt and uncle Moss too?—and some of their children?"

"Oh, dear, Mr Tulliver, you know that my sisters and your sister don't go well together."

"Well, well, do as you like, Bessy," said Mr Tulliver, taking up his hat and walking out to the mill.

Seven

ENTER THE AUNTS AND UNCLES

Mrs Tulliver had been a Miss Dodson. The Dodsons were certainly a handsome family, and Mrs Glegg was not the least handsome of the four sisters. It was the great day of the family gathering, and, as she sat in Mrs Tulliver's chair, no one could have denied that, for a woman of fifty, she was very good-looking. (But Tom and Maggie considered her a model of ugliness.) She was wearing her hat rather on one side—a frequent practice of hers when she was on a visit and happened to be in a bad temper. She held a large gold watch in her hand and said to Mrs Tulliver, who had just returned from a visit to the kitchen, that it was half-past twelve.

"I don't know what is the matter with sister Pullet," she continued. "It was once the habit in our family for one sister to be early as another—and not for one sister to sit for half an hour before the others came. I wonder at sister Deane; she used to be more like me."

"Oh, they'll all be here in time," said Mrs Tulliver. "The dinner won't be ready till half-past one. But, if it's too long for you to wait, let me fetch you a piece of cake and a glass of wine."

"Well, Bessy!" said Mrs Glegg with a bitter smile, "I should have thought you knew your own sister better. I never did eat between meals, and I'm not going to begin now."

With sister Glegg in this humour, there was a sad prospect for the day. The sound of wheels was a very welcome interruption to Mrs Tulliver, who hastened out to receive sister Pullet.

Sister Pullet was in tears when her carriage stopped before Mrs Tulliver's door; and it was apparently necessary that she should shed a few more before getting out of the carriage, for she sat still, shook her head sadly and looked through her tears at the distant sky.

"Why, whatever's the matter, sister?" said Mrs Tulliver.

Mrs Pullet slowly rose and got down from the carriage, followed by Mr Pullet, a small man with a high nose, small bright eyes and thin lips—he looked like a small fishing-boat beside a great sailing-ship.

"Well, sister, you're late; what's the matter?" said Mrs Glegg.

Mrs Pullet sat down, lifting up her coat behind carefully, before she answered:

"Gone!"

"What is?" said Mrs Tulliver.

"Died the day before yesterday," continued Mrs Pullet, "and her legs were as thick as my body. Full of liquid, she was."

"Well, she ought to be glad to be dead, whoever she may be," said Mrs Glegg promptly and decidedly; "but I can't think who you're talking of."

"But *I* know," said Mrs Pullet, sighing; "it's old Mrs Sutton of Twentylands."

"Well, she's no relation of yours, nor a close friend," said Mrs Glegg, who wept only for relations—and only just so much as was proper for them.

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of Mrs Deane with little Lucy; and Mrs Tulliver had to look on with silent envy while Lucy's beautiful fair curls were set in order. It was extraordinary that Mrs Deane, the thinnest and darkest of the

Miss Dodsons, should have this child; and Maggie always looked twice as dark as usual when she was by the side of Lucy.

She did today when she and Tom came in from the garden with their father and Mr Glegg. Maggie had thrown off her hat very carelessly, and her hair was rough and out of curl. She rushed at once to Lucy, and Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed; everything about her was neat. Maggie looked so rough and dark and untidy beside her.

"Oh, Lucy," she cried, "you'll stay with Tom and me, won't you?"

Tom stood looking very uncomfortable, with a half smile on his face.

"Humph!" said aunt Glegg loudly, "do little boys and girls come into a room without taking any notice of their uncles and aunts? That was not the habit when I was a little girl."

"Go and speak to your uncles and aunts, my dears," said Mrs Tulliver, looking anxious and ashamed. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, how do you do. I hope you're good children," said aunt Glegg in her loud voice. "Look up, Tom; hold your head up." Tom tried to draw his hand away. "Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your dress on your shoulder."

"Well, my dears," said aunt Pullet, "I think you grow wonderfully fast—too fast for their strength," she added, looking over their heads at their mother. "I think the girl has too much hair: you ought to have it thinned and cut shorter, sister; it isn't good for her health. That's what makes her skin so brown—don't you think so, sister Deane?"

"No, no," said Mr Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough; there's nothing the matter with her. There's red wheat as well as white, and some like the dark kind best. But I think that Bessie might have the child's hair cut short so that it would lie smooth."

"Maggie," said Mrs Tulliver, calling the child to her and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed—do! I told you not to come in without going to Kezia first; you know I did."

A dreadful resolution was forming itself in Maggie's breast.

"Tom, come with me," she whispered, pulling his arm as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come upstairs with me," she whispered again, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom, who was eager for the feast.

"Oh, yes, there's time for this. *Do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a box. From it she took out a large pair of *scissors.*

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom.

Maggie answered by seizing the front of her hair and cutting it straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, my buttons! Maggie, you'll get into trouble for that!" exclaimed Tom. "You had better not cut more off."

Snip! The scissors cut again while Tom was speaking; and he couldn't help feeling it was rather good fun: Maggie looked so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll get punished, you know," said Tom, nodding his head.

"Make haste!" said Maggie excitedly.

The dark hair was thick and tempting to the lad. One delightful *snip*!—and then another, and another—and the hair from the back fell heavily on the floor.

Maggie stood with her hair cut off in a rough, uneven manner; but she felt a sense of clearness as if she had come out from a wood into an open plain.

"Oh, Maggie!" said Tom, jumping round her and laughing. "Oh, my buttons! What a queer thing you look. Look at yourself in the glass! You look like the mad fellow we threw nuts to at school."

Maggie felt a sudden fear; she had wanted to be delivered from her troublesome hair; and she had thought of the triumph

she would have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn't want her hair to look pretty—that was impossible; she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl and not to criticize her hair. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her and say she looked like a mad person, the affair began to look quite different. She looked in the glass; and still Tom laughed and danced; and her cheeks began to grow pale.

"Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner soon," said Tom. "Oh, my buttons!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears.

"Now, now! don't lose your temper!" said Tom. "What did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down: I can smell the dinner."

He hurried downstairs and left poor Maggie with that bitter feeling of utter disaster, which was almost an everyday experience of her small soul. It had been very foolish, and now she would hear more about her hair than ever. . . .

"Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute," said Kezia, entering the room. "Lord! what have you been doing? I never saw such a sight!"

"Don't, Kezia!" said Maggie angrily. "Go away! I don't want any dinner."

"Well, I can't stay; I've got to bring it to the table. . . ."

"Maggie, you little silly," said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes later, "why don't you come and have your dinner? There's lots of lovely things to eat, and mother says you're to come. What are you crying for, silly?"

Oh, it was dreadful. Tom was so hard and unconcerned. If *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was that nice dinner; and she was so hungry.

But Tom was not entirely hard. He went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone:

"Won't you come, then, Magsie? Or shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I've had mine?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie.

"All right," said Tom, going away. "But you'd better come. There's the sweets and nuts, you know."

Maggie's tears had ceased. Tom's kindness had made her feel better—and there were the sweets and the nuts.

Slowly Maggie rose from amongst her scattered hair, and slowly she went downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the door, peeping in. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and the pudding on the table. The temptation was too great. She slipped in and went towards the empty chair.

Mrs Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and all eyes turned towards the same point as her own.

Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn.

"Hey! what little girl is this?" said uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman. "Is it some little girl you picked up on the road, Kezia?"

"She's gone and cut her hair herself," said Mr Tulliver in a whisper to Mr Deane, laughing. "Did you ever know such a child?"

"Why, little girl, you've made yourself look very funny," said uncle Pullet—and perhaps in his life he never said anything so cruel.

"For shame!" said aunt Glegg in her loudest, severest tone. "Little girls who cut their own hair should be beaten and fed on bread and water—not come and sit down to dinner with their uncles and aunts."

"Yes, yes," said uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful meaning to these hard words; "she should be sent to prison, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it short all over."

"She looks more like a *gipsy** than ever," said aunt Pullet in a pitying tone; "it's very bad luck, sister, that the girl should be so brown. She'll find life difficult—being so brown."

"She's a naughty child who'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs Tulliver, with tears in her eyes.

*The gipsies—a dark-skinned wandering tribe. (The word comes from "E*gyp*tiar," but actually the gipsies are Indians.)

All of them—all talking about her, talking against her!

At first Maggie was angry. Tom thought she was being brave and defying them, and he whispered to her, "Oh, my buttons, Maggie; I told you there would be trouble." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie thought he was rejoicing in her shame. All her courage left her. She got up from her chair, ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder and burst out into loud sobbing.

"Come, come, my girl," said her father, comforting her; "don't worry; you were right to cut it off if it troubled you. Stop crying; father will stand up for you: father will stand up and protect you."

Precious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "stood up for her"; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after, when everyone said that her father had done very badly for his children.

Eight

MR TULLIVER SHOWS HIS STRENGTH OF MIND

After dinner Mrs Tulliver sent the children out into the garden.

Then, "Mr Tulliver," she said to her husband, who was busy talking to Mr Deane, "it's time to tell the children's aunts and uncles what you're thinking of doing with Tom, isn't it?"

"All right," said Mr Tulliver rather sharply. "I've no objection to tell anybody what I mean to do: I have settled to send him to Mr Stelling, a clergyman at King's Norton, a very clever fellow who will teach him well."

There were sounds of surprise.

"Why are you going to send him to a clergyman?" said Mr Pullet.

"You'll have to pay a lot for that eh, Tulliver?" said Mr Deane.

"Do you think the clergyman will teach him to know good wheat when he sees it?" said Mr Glegg, who always liked to make a joke of things.

"Well, if I may be allowed to speak, and it's seldom that I am," said Mrs Glegg, "I should like to ask what good will come to the boy by being educated above his proper place in life."

"Why," said Mr Tulliver, not looking at Mrs Glegg, but at the male part of the audience, "you see, I've decided not to put Tom in my business of miller; I'm going to put him into a profession. I'm going to give him an education so that he'll be able to deal with lawyers and that sort of person, and give me some advice from time to time."

Mrs Glegg made a sound which was a mixture of pity and scorn.

"It would be better for some people," she said, "if they would leave the lawyers alone."

"What'll it cost you?" asked Mr Glegg.

"A hundred pounds a year; that's all. But it will be money that will bring in money to the boy later: Tom's education will be his fortune; the learning will be worth a lot of money to him."

"Ah," said Mr Glegg, "you may be right. But we who've got no learning had better take care of our money—eh, Mr Pullet?" Mr Glegg rubbed his knees and smiled.

"Mr Glegg, I'm surprised at you!" said his wife. "Making jokes when you see your own relations rushing to ruin!"

"If you mean *me* by that," said Mr Tulliver rather angrily, "you need not worry yourself about me. I can manage my own affairs without troubling other people."

Mr Deane tried to change the subject of conversation. "Somebody told me that Lawyer Wakem was going to send his son—that deformed* lad—to a clergyman."

"Well," said Mr Tulliver, "Wakem is a rascal, but he's a

*De-formed = not well formed, having a body which is ill-formed or misshapen.

clever one. Tell me who is Wakem's baker, and I'll tell you where to buy your bread!"

"But Wakem's son has got a deformed back; so it's more natural to send him to a clergyman. And Wakem's son is not likely to follow any business," said Mr Glegg.

"Mr Glegg," said Mrs Glegg, "you had far better be silent. Mr Tulliver doesn't want to know your opinion, nor mine either. There are people in the world who know better than everyone else."

"Well, I should think you are one of them," said Mr Tulliver, getting angry again.

"Oh, I say nothing," said Mrs Glegg scornfully. "My advice has never been asked, and I don't give it."

"It's the first time you've said that," replied Mr Tulliver. "Advice is the only thing you're over-ready at giving."

"I have been over-ready at lending, if I haven't been over-ready at giving," said Mrs Glegg. "There are relations of mine that I repent of lending money to."

"You've had five per cent. on the money you lent me, though I am your relation."

"Bessy, I'm sorry for you! said Mrs Glegg.

"Oh, sister, don't let's have a quarrel," said Mrs Pullet, beginning to cry. "It's very bad among sisters."

"It *is* bad," said Mrs Glegg, "when one sister invites another sister to her house on purpose to quarrel with her and abuse her."

Mr Tulliver burst out again, "Who wants to quarrel with you? It's you that can't let people alone. I should never want to quarrel with any woman if she kept her place."

"'My place'! I should never have met you if one member of my family hadn't married worse than she should have done."

"My family is as good as yours," said Mr Tulliver, "—and better, for it hasn't got such an ill-tempered woman in it!"

"Well!" said Mrs Glegg, rising from her chair, "I'm not going to stay a minute longer in this house."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Mr Glegg sadly as he followed his wife from the room.

"I'm not going to stay a minute longer in this house."

"Mr Tulliver, how could you talk like that!" said Mrs Tulliver, with tears in her eyes.

"Let her go," said Mr Tulliver, too angry to be affected by tears. "Let her go, and the sooner the better."

Nine

MR TULLIVER SHOWS HIS WEAKER SIDE

"Suppose sister Glegg should ask to have her money paid back to her, it would be very difficult for you to find five hundred pounds now," said Mrs Tulliver that evening.

Mrs Tulliver had a peculiar power of saying things which drove her husband in the opposite direction from that which she desired; and this speech of hers tended to convince Mr Tulliver that it would *not* be difficult for him to raise five hundred pounds, that Mrs Glegg might do as she liked about asking for her money—he would pay it without being asked—that he did not want to be in debt to his wife's sisters.

Ordinarily Mr Tulliver found the world very complicated and difficult, and he acted slowly and timidly; but, when his feelings were aroused, he acted with surprising promptness. He was on his horse soon after dinner next day on his way to see his sister, Mrs Moss, and her husband. He had decided to pay back Mrs Glegg her five hundred pounds. His brother-in-law, Moss, owed him three hundred pounds; if Moss could pay up that three hundred it would not be "very difficult" to find the money to pay Mrs Glegg.

The fact is that Mr Tulliver was thought to be a much richer man than he really was. He had his own mill and quite a lot of land, but he owed two thousand pounds of debt on it. A man who is always going to law* against his neighbours is not likely to pay off his debts. Nor can a man pay off his own debts if he

*To go to law=to have a case in a law-court, to settle a quarrel before a judge in a law-court.

is kind-hearted enough to lend money to his sister who has married a poor man and has eight babies.

Mrs Moss heard the sound of the horse's feet and was already at the door, with a weary smile on her face, and a baby in her arms.

"Brother, I'm glad to see you. How are you?"

"Oh—well enough," answered the brother. "Your husband isn't in the house, is he?"

"No, he's in the field over there. George," she called to one of the children, "run and tell your father that your uncle has come. Won't you get down off your horse, brother?"

"No, no; I must be going home again at once."

"And how are Mrs Tulliver and the children?"

"Oh, they're well. Tom is going to a new school at Midsummer—a lot of expense to me. I shall need that money."

"I wish you would let the children come and see their cousins. My children do want to see their cousin Maggie. I know she likes to come, for she's a lovely child; and how quick she is!"

If Mrs Moss had been the cleverest woman in the world, instead of one of the simplest, she could have thought of nothing more likely to please her brother than this praise of Maggie. In spite of his resolution, his eyes became milder.

"Yes, she's fonder of you than of her other aunts, I think. She's more like our family; there's not a bit of her mother's family in her."

"I think my girl, Lizzy, is like her. Come here, Lizzy."

"Yes, they're a bit alike," he said, looking kindly at the little person in a soiled dress. "You've got a lot of girls, Gritty."

"Four," said Mrs Moss with a sigh, "and four boys; they've got a brother each."

"Ah," said Mr Tulliver, trying to make himself hard again, "but they mustn't expect to depend on their brothers."

"No; but I hope their brothers will love them. The more there are of them, the more they must love one another. And I hope your boy will always be good to his sister, though there are only two of them—like you and me, brother."

Those words went straight to Mr Tulliver's heart; he could see his relation to his own sister side by side with Tom's relation to Maggie. Would his little girl be ever in need, and would Tom be hard on her?

"Here's father," said Mrs Moss.

Mr Tulliver got down from his horse and went with Mr Moss into the garden.

"I can't do without my money any longer," said Mr Tulliver after a pause. "I've got to pay five hundred to Mrs Glegg, and Tom will be an expense to me. You must see if you can pay me back my three hundred pounds."

"Well," said Mr Moss, "I owe rent to the landlord. I'll have to sell everything I've got to pay you and the landlord too."

"You must do what you can. I can't go without my money any longer. You must get it as quick as you can."

Mr Tulliver walked quickly out of the garden, and got on his horse.

Outside the gate he stopped.

"Poor little girl," he said aloud, "she'll have nobody but Tom when I'm gone."

He turned his horse and rode slowly back.

Mrs Moss was still on the doorstep; she had been crying.

"Don't worry, Gritty," said Mr Tulliver in a gentle tone. "I'll manage to do without the money for a time—only you must be as clever and careful as you can."

Mrs Moss's tears came again.

"There, there!" said Mr Tulliver very gently. "My little Maggie shall come and see you soon. You mustn't worry.... I'll always be a good brother to you."

Ten

A VISIT TO GARUM

While the possible troubles of Maggie's future were occupying her father's mind, she herself was tasting the bitterness of the present. The day had begun badly for her. The pleasure of having Lucy with her and the thought of an afternoon visit to Garum, the home of Mrs Pullet, had been spoiled by the arrival of the hair-dresser at eleven o'clock. He had spoken severely about the condition in which he found her hair, and she felt that he was just as much her enemy as all the others.

At twelve o'clock Maggie was being dressed up in her best clothes, which she found very uncomfortable. Lucy never felt uncomfortable in her best clothes; so she looked with wondering pity at Maggie's misery. As a result Maggie was ill-tempered, and behaved badly about the card-houses which they were allowed to build till dinner. Tom could build beautiful towers of cards; but Maggie's buildings were never strong enough to bear the putting on of the roof, and Tom had come to the conclusion that no girls could ever construct anything. But it happened that Lucy proved wonderfully clever at building. She handled the cards so lightly that Tom actually admired her houses as well as his own. Maggie, too, would have admired Lucy's houses, and would have given up her unsuccessful building to look at them; but her clothes had made her bad-tempered; moreover, Tom had laughed when her house fell, and had told her she was "a silly".

"Don't laugh at me, Tom!" she burst out angrily. "I am not a silly. I know a great many things you don't."

"I dare say you do, Miss Cross! I have never seen such a cross thing as you—making faces like that. Lucy doesn't do that. I like Lucy better than you; I wish Lucy was my sister."

"Oh, it is very wicked and cruel of you to wish that," said Maggie, jumping up hurriedly from her place on the floor.

This movement brought down Tom's beautiful tower in

ruins: she did not really mean to spoil it, but it looked as if she did. Tom turned white with anger, but said nothing; he would have struck her—but it was cowardly to strike a girl.

Maggie stood in silent terror while Tom got up from the floor and walked away, pale, from the scattered ruins of his tower.

"Oh, Tom," said Maggie at last, going towards him, "I didn't mean to knock it down—indeed I didn't."

But Tom took no notice of her. . . .

In the afternoon they set out to walk to Garum, but Tom's persistent coldness to her all the way spoiled the fresh air and sunshine for her. He called Lucy to look at a half-built bird's-nest, without caring to show it to Maggie; and he cut a stick for Lucy and one for himself, without offering one to Maggie. Lucy said, "Maggie wouldn't *you* like one?" But Tom pretended not to hear.

At last they reacher Garum.

Uncle Pullet had seen the party approaching and opened the door. Aunt Pullet appeared in the doorway, and, as soon as her sister was within hearing, said, "Stop the children, for goodness' sake, Bessie! Don't let them put their dirty feet on the doorstep. Sally is bringing a cloth to rub their shoes."

They went into the front room and sat round stiffly. Tom was seated on the edge of a couch opposite his uncle Pullet, who regarded him with his bright, grey eyes and occasionally addressed him as "young sir".

"Well, young sir, what do you learn at school?" was uncle Pullet's favourite question; and Tom always looked foolish, rubbed his hands across his face and answered, "I don't know."

The two sisters talked to each other at the other end of the room. Then after a long and painful period, uncle Pullet thought of some sweet cakes which he kept for his own private eating on wet days; but, as soon as the children had them in their hands, aunt Pullet told them not to eat them until plates had come, since they would "drop bits all over the floor." Lucy waited patiently, holding her cake in her hand; Tom, while the elders were not looking, swallowed his cake in two bites;

Maggie became so interested in a picture of Ulysses and the Cyclops that she let her cake fall on the floor—then in an unlucky movement crushed it beneath her foot.

Aunt Pullet was very much disturbed at this, and Maggie felt herself disgraced and began to fear that uncle Pullet would not let her hear his wonderful musical box. So after a time she whispered to Lucy, and Lucy (who always did what she was asked) went up to her uncle's knee and, blushing all over her neck, said, "Will you please play us a tune, uncle?"

"We'll see about that," was the answer. This was always uncle Pullet's answer to any such request; and then, after a few minutes, he would do as he was asked.

Maggie enjoyed the music so much that for the first time today she forgot her troubles—even forgot that Tom was angry with her. Her face wore a bright look of happiness. When the magic music ceased, she jumped up, ran towards Tom and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Tom, isn't it pretty?"

"Look there, now!" cried Tom, for she had shaken his arm so that half the liquid from a glass he was holding was poured onto his knees.

"Why don't you sit still, Maggie?" her mother said angrily.

"Little girls mustn't come to see me if they behave in that way," said aunt Pullet.

"Why, you are too rough, little miss," said uncle Pullet.

Poor Maggie sat down again with all the music and all the joy chased out of her soul; and the seven small devils were all in again.

Mrs Tulliver suggested that the children might go and play outside. Aunt Pullet gave permission, but ordered them not to go off the paths nor outside the garden.

"I am terribly worried," said Mrs Tulliver as soon as the children had gone out, "terribly worried by sister Glegg's leaving the house in that way. I am sure I had no wish to offend my sister—and there's nobody but you can get her to forgive Mr Tulliver and make up the quarrel."

"Well, your husband is very difficult, you know, Bessy," said Mrs Pullet, who always looked on the black side of things. "He

has never behaved nicely to our family; and the children are the same; the boy is very troublesome and the girl is rude and brown. It is very bad luck, and I'm sorry for you, Bessy, for you were always my favourite sister."

"I know Mr Tulliver is hasty, and says odd things," said Mrs Tulliver, wiping away a small tear from the corner of her eye.

"I try to look on the bright side, Bessy," said Mrs Pullet sympathetically, "for you have trouble enough; and your husband has got that poor sister and her children dependent on him—and he is so fond of going to law. I fear he will leave you all in poverty when he dies."

"I am sure, sister, I can't do more than I do," answered Mrs Tulliver. "There is no woman works harder than I, or is more careful of her money."

"But it is of no use, you know, Bessy," said Mrs Pullet, fixing her eyes sadly on her sister, "If your husband throws his money away. But, if your things are sold to pay the debts, well, you have kept the silver well rubbed; that must be a comfort to you."

"Could you go and see sister Glegg," said Mrs Tulliver timidly, "and persuade her to make up the quarrel? You were always a good sister to me."

"The right thing would be for Tulliver to go and see her himself, and say he was sorry for speaking so wildly. Since he's borrowed money of her, he shouldn't be too proud to do that."

"It's no use talking of that," said poor Mrs Tulliver; "if I was to go down on my knees to him, he'd never humble himself."

"Well, you can't expect me to persuade sister Glegg to beg his pardon," said Mrs Pullet; "her temper is too terrible for anything."

"I'm not thinking of her begging his pardon," said Mrs Tulliver. "But if she'd just take no notice and not make him pay back her money; that's not too much for one sister to ask another. Time would mend things, and they would be friends again."

Mrs Tulliver, you notice, did not know that her husband had already decided to pay back the five hundred pounds.

"Well, Bessy," said Mrs Pullet, in her saddest voice, "I will do what I can. I don't want to help you on to ruin." She looked towards the door: "I think it must be almost tea-time," she said, expecting to see the door open and Sally bring the tea in.

The door did, in fact, open—but Sally introduced, not the tea, but an object so startling that both Mrs Pullet and Mrs Tulliver gave a scream; and uncle Pullet bit his tongue—for the fifth time in his life, as he afterwards mentioned.

Eleven

MAGGIE BEHAVES WORSE THAN SHE EXPECTED

The startling object which made uncle Pullet bite his tongue was—little Lucy. One side of her was wet and covered with mud from her small foot to the top of her hat; she held out two tiny blackened hands, and her face was piteous. To explain this event we must return to the moment when the three children went to play out of doors.

Maggie felt that Tom was more angry with her than ever, and the seven little devils had entered her soul again. When they got out into the garden, Tom turned to Lucy and said, "Here, Lucy, you come with me"; and he walked off as if Maggie did not exist. Lucy was pleased that Tom was so good to her, but she found Maggie amusing and wanted her to come too. "Do come, Maggie," she said.

Maggie said nothing, but turned away from her with a frown. As long as Tom seemed to prefer Lucy to her, Lucy made part of his unkindness. Maggie would have thought a little time ago that she could never be cross with pretty little Lucy, any more than she could be cruel to a little white mouse; but then Tom had never taken any notice of Lucy before. As

it was, she was actually beginning to think that she would like to hit Lucy and make her cry.

"I say, Lucy," said Tom, nodding his head up and down solemnly, "what do you think I mean to do?"

"What, Tom?" said Lucy, with curiosity.

"I mean to go to the stream and look at the fish. You may come with me if you like," he said.

"Oh, Tom, *dare* you?" said Lucy. "Aunt said we mustn't go out of the garden."

"Oh, I shall go out at the far end of the garden," said Tom; "nobody will see us! and I don't care if they do; I would run off home."

"But I can't run," said Lucy.

"Oh, don't you be afraid; they won't be cross with *you*," said Tom. "You say that I took you."

Tom walked along and Lucy trotted by his side timidly, enjoying the rare pleasure of doing something naughty.

Anger can no more bear to lose sight of its object than can love: so Maggie kept a few yards behind them, unseen by Tom. He pointed out a big fish to Lucy, saying that it was very old and that it had a wonderful appetite. Then Tom noticed something in the water which attracted him to another spot on the bank. "Here, Lucy," he said in a loud whisper, "take care!—Keep on the grass; don't step where the cows have been!" he added, pointing to a strip of dry grass with trodden mud on each side of it.

Lucy came carefully as she was told, and bent down to look at what seemed like a golden arrow moving quickly through the water. Maggie had drawn nearer and nearer. She *must* see it too. At last she was close by Lucy. Tom was conscious of her approach, but would not notice it until he was forced to. At last he turned round and said:

"Now get away, Maggie; there is no room for you on the grass here. Nobody asked *you* to come."

There were passions in Maggie's heart of that quality from which murders come—only the quantity and power were lacking. So all that Maggie did was to give one fierce thrust of her small brown arm and push poor neat little Lucy into the mud.

Tom could restrain himself no longer; he gave Maggie two sharp blows on the arm; then ran to pick up Lucy, who lay crying helplessly.

Maggie retired to the roots of a tree a few yards off and looked on. Usually her repentance came quickly; but now Tom and Lucy had made her so miserable that she was glad to spoil their happiness, glad to make everyone uncomfortable. Why should she be sorry? Tom was very slow to forgive her, however sorry she might be.

"I shall tell mother," said Tom loudly as soon as he had picked up Lucy. It was not Tom's habit to "tell", but justice clearly demanded it here as the extreme punishment.

"Sally," said Tom when they reached the kitchen door, "Sally, tell mother it was Maggie who pushed Lucy into the mud."

Sally looked at them in speechless amazement. Then, "Lord!" she said at last, "how did you get near such mud as that?"

Tom had not expected this question; he could see that it meant trouble for him and that Maggie would not be the only person to be blamed. So he walked quietly away from the kitchen door without answering.

Sally (as we have told) immediately led Lucy to the door of the sitting-room.

Aunt Pullet screamed, and then, "Keep her at the door, Sally," she cried; "don't bring her onto the carpet!"

"Why, she's fallen down into some nasty mud," said Mrs Tulliver, going up to Lucy to examine into the amount of the damage.

"It was Miss Maggie who pushed her in," said Sally. "Master Tom said so, and they must have been to the stream, for it's only there they could have got into such dirt."

"There, you see, Bessy; it's what I've been telling you," said Mrs Pullet sadly: "it's your children—there is no knowing what the end of them will be."

Mrs Tulliver was silent, feeling herself a truly wretched mother. She went out to speak to these naughty children, supposing them to be close by; but, after a long search, she

found Tom leaning with a rather hardened careless air against the white fence of the hen-yard.

"Tom, you naughty boy, where is your sister?" cried Mrs Tulliver.

"I don't know," said Tom.

"Where did you leave her?" said his mother, looking round.

"Sitting under a tree near the stream," said Tom.

"Then go and fetch her this minute, you naughty boy. And how can you think of going to the stream and taking your sister where there is dirt? You know what she is."

Tom walked—not very quickly—away.

"They are such children for water," she said aloud with no one to hear her. "They'll be brought in dead and drowned some day. I wish that river was farther away."

Presently she saw Tom returning from the stream alone, and this fear entered more strongly into her mind. She hurried to meet him.

"Maggie's nowhere about the stream, mother," said Tom; "she has gone away. Perhaps she has gone home."

The terrified search began.

Twelve

MAGGIE TRIES TO RUN AWAY FROM HER SHADOW

Maggie's intentions as usual were bolder than Tom had imagined. The resolution which formed in her mind after Tom and Lucy walked away was not so simple as that of going home. No, she could not go home; she would run away and go to the gipsies, and Tom should never see her again. This was by no means a new idea to Maggie; she had so often been told that she was like a gipsy; so, when she was miserable, it seemed to her the only way to escape from her troubles. The only way of being in harmony with circumstances would be to live in a

little brown tent with gipsies. The gipsies would gladly receive her and would respect her on account of her knowledge.

She had once mentioned the subject to Tom and suggested that he should make his face brown and that they should run away together; but Tom thought nothing of this idea: he said that gipsies were thieves and hardly got anything to eat. But today Maggie thought her misery had reached a point at which the gipsies were her only possible retreat.

She rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with a sense that this was the great moment in her life. She would run straight away till she came to Dunlow, where there would certainly be gipsies; and cruel Tom and the rest of her relations should never see her any more.

As she ran quickly along she thought of her father, but she decided that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gipsy just to let him know that she was well and happy and always loved him very much.

She soon got out of breath with running, and went on at a steady, fast walk. After a long time the green fields came to an end and she found herself at a gate opening into a lane with a wide border of grass on each side of it. She saw a *donkey* with his leg tied to a log. Gipsies always had donkeys; so she thought that Dunlow could not be far off. She went through the gate, and, as she entered the lane, the terror of her adventure began to enter her little heart. She hardly dared to look on either side of her lest she should see some terrible thing just ready to leap out at her.

Then she gave one glance to the side and saw—a pair of bare legs sticking up, feet upwards. They seemed horribly unnatural!

Maggie looked again and saw the ragged clothes and the dark head which belonged to the legs. It was a boy asleep.

She trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him. It did not come into her mind that he was one of her friends the gipsies—but that was the fact.

At the next opening in the lane Maggie actually saw the little black tent with blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her retreat from all the miseries which pursued her in civilized life.

She saw a tall woman standing by the column of smoke—a young woman with a baby on her arm. The woman came forward to meet her, and Maggie looked up in her face trembling. Aunt Pullet was right, thought Maggie, when she called her a gipsy, for this face with the bright, dark eyes and the long hair was really something like what she saw in the glass before she cut her hair off.

"Well, little lady, where are you going to?" said the gipsy.

This was splendid and just what Maggie had expected; the gipsies saw at once that she was a "little lady" and were going to treat her with respect.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she was saying what she had said before in a dream. "I have come to stay with you, please."

"That's nice—come along, then," said the gipsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie wished that the woman were not so dirty.

There was quite a crowd round the fire. An old woman was seated on the ground with her arms round her knees, and from time to time she put a spoon into a pot that sent forth a pleasant smell. Two small children were lying near by, and a donkey was bending his head over a tall girl who was scratching his nose and feeding him with hay. The evening sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was really very pretty and comfortable. Maggie hoped they would soon set out the teacups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gipsies to wash and to feel an interest in books.

The young woman began to speak to the old one in a language that Maggie did not understand, and the girl who was feeding the donkey gazed and gazed at her without saying a word. At last the old woman said:

"Well, pretty lady, have you come to stay with us? Sit down and tell us where you come from."

"I've come from home because I'm unhappy and I mean to be a gipsy. I'll live with you if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little girl," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie; "and such a pretty hat and dress,"

she added, taking away Maggie's hat. The tall girl seized the hat, put it on her own head and laughed.

"Didn't you leave a beautiful house at home?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, my home is pretty—but I am often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry. I have read a lot of books; I can tell you all about the world. Did you ever hear of Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes were bright; she was really beginning to instruct gipsies. But the gipsies were not listening; they were more interested in the things which the young woman on her right had quietly removed from Maggie's pocket.

" 'Columbus'—is that where you live, little lady?" said the old woman.

"Oh, no," said Maggie with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man who discovered America—but perhaps it's rather long to tell you about him before tea. . . . *I do want my tea so!*"

These last words burst from Maggie in spite of herself.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the young woman. "You've been walking a long way, haven't you? Where is your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill, a long way off. Where does the queen of the gipsies live? If you haven't got a queen you could choose another. If I was a queen, I'd be a very good queen and kind to everybody."

"Here's something to eat," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a piece of dry bread and a bit of cold meat.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it, "but will you give me some tea and cake instead? I don't like cold meat."

"We've got no. tea or cake," said the old woman with a frown, as if she were tired of making herself pleasant.

"Oh, a little bread and butter would do," said Maggie.

"We haven't got any butter," said the old woman crossly; and then there followed a long conversation between the two women in their unknown language, and one of the small children seized the bread and meat and began to eat it.

Just then the tall girl looked round and said something which produced a great effect. The old woman began to stir the pot; the young one went into the tent and brought out plates and spoons. Maggie trembled a little and was afraid that tears would come into her eyes. Then a boy came running up—the one whom Maggie had passed when he was sleeping. He gazed at Maggie and talked the strange language. She felt very lonely and was quite sure she would begin to cry before long; the gipsies didn't seem to have any respect for her at all and she felt quite weak among them.

Then there was a new terror: two men came up. The elder carried a bag, which he threw down, and he addressed the old woman in a loud and angry tone. She screamed back at him; and a black dog ran barking up to Maggie. The younger man cursed the dog and hit it with a great stick he held in his hand.

Maggie felt it was impossible that she should ever be queen of these people, or even teach them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men seemed to be inquiring about Maggie as they sat down to their supper from the pot.

"This nice little lady has come to live with us," said the young woman, laughing.

"Oh; I'm very glad," answered the younger man, looking at the things which had been taken from Maggie's pocket.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gipsies; they must certainly be thieves. The old woman saw that she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," she said. "Here, my dear, try if you can to eat a bit of this," and she gave her some of the hot supper from the pot.

Maggie dared not refuse it. Oh, if her father would only come by in the cart and take her up. She was no longer hungry. She was too much afraid to eat. Her ideas about gipsies had changed rapidly during the last five minutes; she had begun to wonder whether they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark and cut up her body for cooking. It was no use trying to

eat the food, and yet she was afraid to offend the gipsies by revealing her opinion of them. She wondered whether they could read her thoughts!

"What! you don't like your supper, my dear? Try a bit—come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie.

She rose from her seat and attempted to smile in a friendly way. "It's getting rather dark and I think I must go home now. I'll come another day and bring you a basket of cakes—and some butter."

But her hopes of deceiving the gipsies sank when the old woman said, "Stop a bit, little lady. We'll take you home all safe when we've finished supper; you shall ride home like a lady."

Maggie sat down again.

Soon afterwards she saw the tall girl bringing the donkey and throwing a couple of bags on its back.

"Come along, little miss," said the younger man, rising. "What is the name of the place where you live?"

"Dorlcote Mill," said Maggie eagerly.

"That big mill a little way this side of St Ogg?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "I think I'd like to walk there, if you please."

"No, we must make haste." He lifted Maggie and sat her on the donkey.

"Here's your hat," said the young woman, "—and you'll say we've been good to you, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie.

It now appeared that the man also was to be sitting on the donkey, holding Maggie before him—a terrible thought. He got up on the donkey, hit it with a stick, and they started off.

That ride was like a fearful dream. The blood-red light of the setting sun shone around them. There seemed to be no houses on the way—only two low cottages with almost no windows; and the doors were shut—the homes of witches, no doubt.

At last this lane—the longest in the world—came to an end. Then there was a sign-post——

So the gipsy did really mean to take her home. . . .

And then Maggie saw someone riding a white horse.

"Oh, stop," she cried out, "there's my father! Oh, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and, before her father reached her, she was sobbing.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to him.

"The little girl lost herself," said the gipsy. "She came to our tent at Dunlow, and I was bringing her home. It's a long way to come after being on the move all day."

"Here, take this, my man," said Mr Tulliver, giving him five shillings, "and thank you. I couldn't afford to lose my little girl."

"Why, Maggie, what's this, what's this?" he said as he rode along. "How came you to be wandering about and lose yourself?"

"Oh, father," said Maggie. "I ran away because I was so unhappy. Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Why, why!" said Mr Tulliver very gently, "you mustn't think of running away from father. What would father do without his little girl?"

Thirteen

MR AND MRS GLEGG AT HOME

The evening clouds were still upon Mrs Glegg's brow as she sat at the breakfast-table on the morning following her visit to Mrs Tulliver. Mr Glegg, perceiving this, wisely decided to allow his wife to be the first to speak; for to so delicate a temper as hers the slightest touch might do harm.

Mrs Glegg had so eager a desire for a quarrel that she could have made use of *any* kind of opportunity; it was indeed hard that she should be given no opportunity at all.

"The little girl lost herself," said the gipsy.

"Well, Mr Glegg," she began, "is this the reward I get for being a good wife to you all these years? Is this the way I am to be treated?"

Mr Glegg looked up. "Why—what have I done now?"

"I've always heard that it was a husband's duty to stand by his wife, instead of rejoicing and triumphing when people insult her."

"Now what reason have you for saying that? When did I rejoice or triumph over you?"

"There are ways of doing things which are worse than speaking, Mr Glegg; you come to your breakfast and *look* at me as if I was dirt under you feet."

"Why don't you talk sense?"

"It's you that should be more sensible, Mr Glegg."

"Then will you *listen* to sense?" answered Mr Glegg sharply. "The best sense I can talk to you is what I said to you last night—that you would be wrong to ask for that money back just because you started a quarrel. It's safe enough where it is, and you'll find it difficult to find another place where you can get five per cent. on it."

"It was Mr Tulliver who quarrelled with me and drove me out of his house. Perhaps you'd have me stay there and be sworn at?"

"Did ever anyone hear anything like it?" said Mr Glegg, getting angry. "You have everything provided for you. You are allowed to keep your own money, and you're provided for after I'm dead far better than you could have expected—and yet you go on in this way, barking and biting like a mad dog!"

Mrs Glegg rang the bell violently till the servant appeared.

"Light a fire in my bedroom, please, and pull the curtains. Mr Glegg, you'll please tell the cook what you want for dinner; I shall have milk."

She walked across the room to the book-shelf and took down *The Saints' Rest,* by Baxter, and carried the book upstairs. It was the book which she always laid open in front of her when there was a death in the family—or on other special occasions. . . .

Perhaps *The Saints' Rest* had some effect in calming her

feelings; or perhaps it was the milk; or perhaps it was her husband's suggestion that she would do well to leave her five hundred pounds where it was; or perhaps it was what he said about the money he meant to leave her at his death. In the afternoon she was downstairs again; and in the evening Mr and Mrs Glegg talked quite amiably about the Tullivers.

"He's a sad fellow for getting into trouble, and I fear he'll lose all his property," said Mr Glegg.

"It's beneath my dignity to take notice of the behaviour of such a man," said Mrs Glegg; and she added that, for her sister's sake, she would let him keep the five hundred pounds a little longer.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Mr Tulliver searched even harder for someone who was willing to lend him five hundred pounds.

"It must be no friend of Wakem, the lawyer," he said. But a friend of Wakem was the only person he could find.

The River of Fate had caught Mr Tulliver in its current, like a helpless straw in his own mill-stream.

Book Two

SCHOOL-TIME

Fourteen

TOM AT MR STELLING'S

Mr Tulliver left Tom at Mr Stelling's house and drove home in a very satisfied state of mind. He considered that it was a lucky moment for him when he thought of asking Riley's advice about a teacher for Tom. Mr Stelling had seemed so intelligent; he had talked in such a quick, sensible way—answering every difficult, slow sentence of Mr Tulliver's with, "I see, my good sir; I see—" "Of course, of course; you want your son to be a man who will make his way in the world." Moreover, he had asked Mr Tulliver's advice about feeding the cow, and had told several good stories. Stelling was clearly a first-class man who knew everything—who knew exactly what Tom must learn in order to be equal to those lawyers.

It is not fair to laugh at Mr Tulliver, for I have known more highly educated people come to wrong conclusions, and for no stronger reasons than his.

Tom's sufferings during his first three months under the care of Mr Stelling were rather severe.

At his previous school life had not been difficult. He was good at games—especially at fighting. Mr Jacobs, the headmaster, was familiarly known to the boys as "Old Goggles" ("goggles" being a vulgar name for spectacles). "Old Goggles" did not inspire Tom with any awe, nor fill him with any large amount of learning. It was impossible for Tom to imagine that any schoolmaster would be something entirely different from Mr Jacobs, or any school very different from that.

Tom soon found that life at Mr Stelling's house was a difficult business. He had to learn Latin, and he had to learn to pronounce English in a new way. He was timid—and that made the pronunciation all the more difficult, so that he hardly dared say a single word in reply to Mr or Mrs Stelling, and even dreaded to be asked at table whether he would have

more pudding. But it was impossible to despise Mr Stelling as he had despised Old Goggles.

Young Tulliver was Mr Stelling's first pupil; if he made a success of Tom, other pupils would follow: so he was determined to succeed.

Mr Stelling always said that "teaching came naturally" to him. Perhaps it was for this reason that he set about it in the same blindly natural way (and with the same lack of imagination) as is found in the animal world. Birds build their nests, ants build their ant-hills in just the same way as they have always built them and their ancestors have built before them, even when they are transplanted to a different country where the old model is quite unsuitable. So did Mr Stelling proceed to teach Latin to Tom, just because he himself had been taught Latin at school, and in just the same way as Latin had been taught to him.

He soon came to the conclusion that Tom was a thoroughly dull boy, and suspected that he was not trying to work his hardest. Tom had never had any difficulty in learning about dogs or horses and out-of-door things (less, perhaps, than Mr Stelling), but he certainly had difficulty in learning Latin.

"You take no interest in what you are doing," Mr Stelling would say—which was true.

He was severe with Tom about his lessons, for he considered that Tom was a boy who would not learn without some severity. He was not an ill-tempered or hard man—quite the contrary; he joked with Tom at table and corrected his mispronunciations and behaviour in the most playful manner; but Tom had not been used to jokes like Mr Stelling's, and for the first time in his life he had a painful feeling that everything he did or said was wrong.

As for the Latin, he was so worried about it that, after his usual form of prayer for his parents and his sister, and that he might "keep God's commandments", he added in the same low whisper, "and please make me remember my Latin." The Latin seemed to be better the next day; but after that even prayers seemed to fail.

As for play—Tom went for long walks with Mr Stelling;

and Mr Stelling said that he would arrange for a drill-master next half-year. Moreover, Mrs Stelling thought it would be good for the boy to "make himself useful" in his spare time; so she set him to watch her little daughter, Laura, while the nurse was busy with the younger baby. Laura was just beginning to walk, and had a ribbon fastened round her waist by which Tom held her as if she were a little dog.

How Tom longed for play-fellows! In his secret heart he longed to have Maggie with him; he would forgive all her mistakes, all her forgetfulness—if only she were here.

Play-fellows!—always Mr Stelling—only Mr Stelling—Mr Stelling all day—all the time!

Fifteen

MAGGIE VISITS TOM

Before this miserable half-year was ended, Maggie actually came to visit Tom. Mrs Stelling had invited her to come and stay with her brother; so, when Mr Tulliver drove over late in October, Maggie came too.

It was Mr Tulliver's first visit to see Tom—for the lad must not learn to think too much about home.

"Well, my lad," he said to Tom, "you look very well! School agrees with you."

Mr Stelling left the room to tell his wife about their arrival.

"I don't think I am well, father," said Tom. "I wish you'd ask Mr Stelling not to make me learn Latin. It always makes me feel ill."

"Nonsense," said Mr Tulliver, "you must learn what your master tells you; he knows what it is right for you to learn."

"I'll help you now, Tom," said Maggie, trying to comfort and encourage him. "I've come to stay for a long time, if Mrs Stelling asks me. I brought my box and my dresses."

"*You* help me, you silly little thing!" said Tom, delighted

at the idea of proving to Maggie that she could do nothing of the kind. "I should like to see you doing one of *my* lessons. Girls never learn such things. They are too silly."

"I know very well what Latin is," said Maggie confidently. "There are Latin words in the English dictionary. There is *Bonus*—a gift."

"Now, you are just wrong there, Miss Maggie," said Tom, secretly astonished. "You think you are very wise, but *Bonus* means 'good'—*Bonus, bona, bonum.*"

"Well, there is no reason why it should not mean 'gift' too," said Maggie. "It may mean several things; almost every word does. There's 'air'—it means the thing we breathe, and the way a person looks—'he had an important air.'"

"Well done, little girl," said Mr Tulliver, laughing, while Tom felt rather angry at Maggie's cleverness, although he was extremely cheerful at the thought that she was going to stay with him. Her pride would soon be humbled when she actually inspected his books.

Mrs Stelling in her invitation did not mention a longer time than a week for Maggie's stay, but Mr Stelling took Maggie on his knee and asked her where she got her dark eyes from, and insisted that she must stay for a fortnight. Maggie thought Mr Stelling was a charming man, and Mr Tulliver was quite proud to leave his little daughter where she would have an opportunity of showing her cleverness to strangers.

"Now, then, come with me into the library, Maggie," said Tom as their father drove away. "Why do you shake your head now, you silly?" he continued, for her hair was now brushed smoothly behind her ears.

"Oh, I can't help it," said Maggie impatiently; "don't worry me, Tom."

"Oh, what books!" she exclaimed as she saw the bookshelves in the library. "How I should like to have as many books as that!"

"Why, you couldn't read one of them," said Tom in a tone of triumph; "they are all Latin."

"No, they're not," said Maggie; "I can read the back of this one—*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*"

"Well, what does it mean? *You* don't know," said Tom.

"Oh, I could find out," said Maggie scornfully.

"Why, how?"

"I should look inside and see what it was about."

"You had better not do that, Miss Maggie," said Tom, seeing her hand on the volume. "Mr Stelling lets nobody touch his books without permission, and I shall be punished if you take it out."

"Oh, all right; let me see all *your* books then," said Maggie, throwing her arms around Tom's neck and rubbing his cheek with her small round nose.

Tom, in the gladness of his heart at having dear old Maggie to quarrel with again, seized her round the waist and began to jump with her round the large library table. Away they jumped, faster and faster, till Maggie's hair flew from behind her ears. At last reaching Mr Stelling's small reading-table, they knocked it over with a loud *crash*. Tom stood in terror for some moments, dreading the appearance of Mr or Mrs Stelling.

"Oh, I say, Maggie," he said at last, lifting the table up, "we must keep quiet here, you know. If we break anything, Mrs Stelling will be angry and scold me."

"Is she a cross woman?" asked Maggie.

"Oh, isn't she!" said Tom with a nod.

"I think all women are crosser than men," said Maggie. "Aunt Glegg is a great deal crosser than uncle Glegg, and mother scolds me more than father does."

"Well, *you* will be a woman some day," said Tom.

"But I shall be a *clever* woman," said Maggie.

"Oh, I dare say you will; and a nasty proud thing. Everybody will hate you."

"Oh, you oughtn't to hate me, Tom: it will be very wicked of you if you do, for I shall be your sister."

"Yes, but if you're a nasty thing, I *shall* hate you."

"Oh, but Tom, you won't! I shan't be. I shall be very good to you—and I shall be good to everybody. You won't hate me really, will you, Tom?"

"Oh, I don't know! Come, it's time for me to learn my lessons. See here! Look what I've got to do," he said, drawing Maggie towards him and showing her his work. "See how much you can understand of that."

Maggie found the Latin quite interesting; for she delighted in new words, and quickly found that there was a list of the Latin words with their English meanings at the end. She soon made up her mind to take no notice of the rules, but to read only the examples. These mysterious sentences taken from some unknown book touched her imagination: "*The fortunate gentleman was congratulated by everyone because he had such a wonderful son*"; she felt quite interested in the "fortunate gentleman", and wondered whether the "wonderful son" was at all like Tom. "*He was lost in a forest so thick that he could not see the stars*"—who was lost?—where was this wonderful forest?—and why did he want to see the stars? Oh, to find his way out, of course—then how *did* he find the way?

"Now then, Maggie, give me the Latin book."

"Oh, Tom, it is such a pretty book," she said as she jumped out of the large chair to give it him. "I could learn Latin very soon; I don't think it's at all hard."

"I know what you've been doing; you have been reading the English at the end. Any silly can do that."

Tom seized the book and opened it with a determined air, as if to show that he had a lesson to learn which no "sillies" would be able to do. Maggie turned and looked at the books on the shelves.

Presently Tom called to her, "Maggie, come and hear if I can say this; stand at the end of the table where Mr Stelling sits when he hears my lessons."

Maggie obeyed and took the open book. "Where do you begin, Tom?"

"I begin at the rule about feminines of words ending in '-or' . . ."

Tom got along well enough for three lines; then he stuck. "Don't tell me, don't tell me."

"No," said Maggie, opening her mouth and shaking her head.

"Oh, give me the book a minute. . . . Oh, now I know."

He went on, then stuck again.

Maggie helped him. He laughed at her strange way of pronouncing the Latin words, and she was indignant. "I told you girls couldn't learn Latin," he said.

Soon afterwards they were fetched to spend the rest of the evening in the sitting-room. Maggie talked to Mr Stelling, while Tom was amazed and alarmed at the bold way in which she addressed him. But she was suddenly humbled by Mr Stelling speaking of "a little girl, of whom he had heard, who once ran away to the gipsies."

"What an odd little girl that must be," said Mrs Stelling, meaning to be playful—but her playfulness was not at all to Maggie's taste, and she went to bed feeling rather small.

This visit to Tom was a very happy fortnight for Maggie. She was allowed to be in the library with him when he did his lessons, and she learned a lot more about the examples in his Latin book.

Mr Stelling was amused by her talk, and they were very good friends. She told Tom she would like to go to school with Mr Stelling and learn just the same things as he did: she felt sure she would be able to do the work.

"I'm sure you couldn't do it," said Tom. "I'll just ask Mr Stelling if you could."

"I'll ask him myself," said Maggie.

"Mr Stelling," she said that same evening, "could I do Latin and all Tom's lessons if you were to teach me instead of him?"

"No, you couldn't," said Tom indignantly; "girls can't do those things, can they sir?"

"They can pick up a little of everything, I dare say," said Mr Stelling. "They have a great deal of cleverness of a sort. They are quick, but they do not go deep into things."

Tom was delighted with this judgment, and showed his triumph by nodding his head at Maggie behind Mr Stelling's chair.

As for Maggie, she had hardly ever been so humbled. She

had been so proud to be called "quick" all her little life—and now it appeared that this quickness was a kind of inferiority. It would have been better to be slow like Tom.

"Ha, ha! Miss Maggie!" said Tom, when they were alone, "you see it's not such a fine thing to be 'quick'. You'll 'never go far into anything,' you know."

And Maggie was so shocked at the thought of this dreadful fate that she did not even reply.

When this small "quick but not deep" person was fetched away in the cart by Luke, the library was once more lonely for Tom, and he felt her loss terribly. He had really been brighter and had got through his lessons better since she had been there. She had asked Mr Stelling so many questions about the Roman Empire that Tom had actually begun to understand that there once really was a people upon the earth so fortunate as to know Latin without having to learn it at school.

At last the miserable half-year drew near its end. Tom stuck twenty-one sticks deep in a corner of the garden when the holidays were three weeks away. He pulled one up every day and threw it away from him as far as he could.

At last, as the cart passed noiselessly over the snow-covered bridge, he saw the bright light of the sitting-room window at home. He passed from the cold air into the warmth and kisses and smiles of that familiar room. He saw the same dear old carpet, the same dear chairs and the pictures still the same.

There is no sense of ease like the ease we feel in those scenes where we were born, where the furniture has become dear to us because it was there before we were. How we love each bit of it! How we love these long companions of our lives that wove themselves into our joys when joys were real indeed.

Sixteen

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

It was a real Christmas, with snow and frost. Aunt and uncle Moss came with all their children to Christmas dinner. There was a great round pudding and nuts and sweets and cakes. In all these things Christmas was as good as it had ever been since Tom could remember—better, for there was plenty of snow, and fights with snowballs and sliding on the ice.

And yet this Christmas Day, in spite of Tom's renewed delight in home, was not quite so happy as it had always been before. Christmas was cheery, but not so Mr Tulliver. He was angry; he defied his enemies; his voice grew louder and louder as he told the story of his wrongs over the dinner-table. Tom felt that the world was full of rascals, and that the business of grown-up life could not be conducted without a great deal of quarrelling. Tom didn't like quarrelling, unless there was a chance of a fair stand-up fight.

The "enemy" was Pivart. Pivart had land farther up the stream and was making water-channels to lead the water to it. Mr Tulliver's only male audience at the Christmas dinner was Mr Moss—but Mr Tulliver did not talk to convince an audience; he talked to relieve his own feelings. The good dinner had made Mr Moss sleepy; but Mrs Moss, interested in everything that concerned her brother, put in a word now and again.

"Pivart is a new name in this place, isn't it, brother?"

"New name? Yes! That it is!" said Mr Tulliver angrily. "Dorlcote Mill has been in our family for over a hundred years, and nobody ever heard of a Pivart touching the river, till this fellow bought Bincomb's farm. . . . I'll *Pivart* him!" added Mr Tulliver, raising his glass.

"You won't be forced to go to law with him, I hope, brother," said Mrs Moss anxiously.

"I don't know what I shall be forced to do; but I know what I shall force him to do, if there's any justice in the land. I know who is behind all this—it's Wakem! I know Wakem tells him he's safe from the law; but there are other lawyers than Wakem. It takes a big rascal to beat him; but there's a bigger rascal to be found. Wakem lost in that affair of Brumley's. . . . It's no good people telling me that Pivart's water-channels won't stop my mill-wheel; I know they will; and I know as much about water as any man—eh, Moss?"

Mrs Moss looked across the table at her sister-in-law. "I'm sorry to see my brother so angry and worried about this water business," she said.

"It's your brother's way, Mrs Moss," answered Mrs Tulliver. She always spoke of her husband as "your brother" to Mrs Moss when his behaviour was *not* being admired.

"I hope and pray he won't go to law. The right doesn't always win in the law-courts. This Mr Pivart is a rich man, and rich men usually get what they want."

"I think sometimes," said Mrs Tulliver, "that I shall be driven mad by all this talk about law and water. It's nothing but 'law' and 'water' now from when we get up in the morning until we go to bed at night. But I never oppose him; I only say, 'Do what you like; but whatever you do, don't go to law.'"

As we have seen, what Mrs Tulliver said to her husband always seemed to make him to just the opposite; and what did more even than his wife's words to increase Mr Tulliver's eagerness to go to law, was the sight of Mr Wakem himself every market day. It was Wakem who had made Mr Tulliver lose in that previous quarrel with Dix; and then again in that affair about the bridge. And, as a last drop of bitterness, he had been forced to borrow that five hundred pounds from a friend of Wakem. He would teach Wakem a lesson this time! . . .

"Father," said Tom, one evening near the end of the holidays, "uncle Glegg says that Lawyer Wakem *is* going to send his son to Mr Stelling. You won't like me to go to school with Wakem's son, will you?"

"It doesn't matter," said Mr Tulliver. "Don't you learn anything bad off him—that's all. The lad is a poor, deformed creature, and he's more like his mother than his father in the face. But it's a sign Wakem thinks well of Mr Stelling, and Wakem knows what's good."

Mr Tulliver was secretly rather proud that his son should have the same education as Wakem's son. But Tom did not feel comfortable about it:—if young Wakem hadn't been deformed, he might have had the prospect of as many good stand-up fights as he wished; but . . . it was a pity Philip Wakem was deformed.

Seventeen

THE NEW SCHOOL-FELLOW

"Well, Tulliver. We're glad to see you again," said Mr Stelling heartily. "Take off your coat and come into the library till dinner. You'll find a bright fire there—and a new companion."

Tom felt very uncomfortable as he took off his coat. He had seen Philip Wakem at St Ogg, and had always turned away his eyes from him as quickly as possible.

"Here is a new companion for you to shake hands with, Tulliver," said Mr Stelling, as they entered the library, "—Philip Wakem. I shall leave you to get to know each other by yourselves. You already know something of each other, don't you—for you are neighbours at home."

Tom looked confused, while Philip rose and glanced at him timidly—Mr Stelling wisely turned away and closed the door behind him.

Philip was both too proud and too timid to walk towards Tom; he thought that Tom disliked looking at him, and his deformity was most visible when he walked. So they remained without shaking hands or even speaking. Tom went to the fire

and warmed himself, turning to look at Philip from time to time. Philip had sat down and was drawing on a piece of paper before him, and as he drew he was thinking what he could say to Tom.

Tom began to look oftener and longer at Philip's face. It was really not a disagreeable face—very old-looking, Tom thought. He wondered how much older Philip Wakem was than himself. He looked very pale and weak; it was clear he would not be able to play any real games—but he seemed to be able to draw well; he drew one thing after another without any trouble. What was he drawing?

Tom was quite warm now. It was certainly better to have even this deformed fellow as a companion than no one. He suddenly walked across the room and looked at Philip's paper.

"Why, it's a donkey with baskets!—and a dog, and some hens in the corn!" he exclaimed, his tongue loosened by surprise and admiration. "Oh, my buttons, I wish I could learn to draw like that!"

"Oh, you can do them without learning; I never learnt drawing."

"Never learnt! When I make dogs and horses, the heads and legs won't come right." Tom thought he must not be too humble with this fellow. "But I dare say I could do them if I tried," he said.

"Oh, yes, it's very easy."

"But haven't you been taught anything? I thought you'd been to school a long time."

"Yes," said Philip, smiling. "I've been taught Latin and Greek—and writing, and such things."

"Oh, but—I say, you don't like Latin, do you?"

"It doesn't worry me."

"You wait till you get to the feminines of——"

"Oh, I've done with all that; I don't learn that stuff any more," said Philip.

"Then you won't have the same lessons as I shall," said Tom with a sense of disappointment.

"No—but I expect I'll be able to help you. I shall be very glad to, if I can."

"I should like to have been a Greek and have fought the Persians."

Wakem's son did not seem to be such an unpleasant fellow as Tom had expected.

"I say," said Tom presently, "do you love your father?"

"Yes," said Philip, blushing deeply. "Don't you love yours?"

"Oh, yes—I only wanted to know," said Tom, rather ashamed of himself.

"I can't think why anyone should learn Latin," said Tom, hastily returning to the previous subject of conversation. "I don't suppose Sir John Crake knows Latin, and he rides a horse better than anyone in the neighbourhood."

"He learnt it as a boy, of course," said Philip, "but perhaps he's forgotten it now."

"Well, I can do that, then," said Tom.

Philip laughed. "I remember things. And there are some lessons I'm very fond of. I'm fond of Greek history. I should like to have been a Greek and have fought the Persians."

"Are there any stories about fighting, like David and Samson, in Greek history?"

"Oh, yes: there are very fine stories of that sort about the Greeks."

"I say, will you tell me them?" said Tom, jumping on one leg and then on the other.

"Why, yes. I know lots of stories besides the Greek ones."

Tom wished to make things more equal.

"And I could show you how to catch fish," he said. "You could fish, couldn't you? It's only standing and sitting still, you know," he said.

"I hate fishing. I think people look like fools sitting and watching a fishing-line hour after hour."

"Ah, but you wouldn't say they look fools when they catch a big one! No!" said Tom.

Wakem's son, it was clear, had disagreeable points, and must be kept in check.

Eighteen

TOM AND PHILIP

Tom's feelings towards Philip continued to vary between friendship and dislike—even as they had varied in that first conversation. He could never quite forget that Philip was the son of a "rascal", yet he liked Philip's company—when Philip was in a good humour; and, moreover, Philip helped him with his Latin.

Life was a little less hard for Tom during this second half-year. Philip was so advanced in his studies and such a quick learner that Mr Stelling was more interested in him than in Tom; for he could show good results far more easily with Philip. Tom was allowed to get through his lessons more easily; moreover, he had Philip to help him. So he went on contentedly enough, picking up some sort of education.

There was a great improvement in his manners and in the way he stood and walked. This was partly due to Mr Poulter. Mr Poulter was an old soldier who had fought with Wellington in Spain. He was employed to drill Tom, and he enjoyed the lessons as much as Tom did. The drill-lessons were mixed with stories of Mr Poulter's battles—which were much more interesting to Tom than Philip's stories about Ulysses and the other Greek heroes who possibly never existed—whereas Wellington was (then) actually alive. It appeared that the company of soldiers in which Mr Poulter had served had taken a most important part in winning all the battles in which it had served, and Wellington himself had expressed the greatest admiration for "that fine fellow, Poulter", and the doctor who attended Poulter when he was wounded had been astonished at the wonderful way in which his flesh healed.

Tom made his drill-master angry occasionally by his curiosity about other battles at which Mr Poulter had not himself been present.

"And Wolfe, Mr Poulter? Wasn't he a wonderful fighter?"

"Not at all!" said Mr Poulter scornfully. "He died in battle at Quebec. That's nothing—to get killed! Why, *one* of my sword-cuts would have killed a fellow like Wolfe!"

"Mr Poulter, I wish you'd bring your sword and do the sword-exercises," said Tom.

One afternoon the sword was brought.

"Has it ever cut a man's head off?" said Tom, handling it with respect.

"Head off? Ah! and it would have if he'd had three heads! A sword's the best thing when you come to close fighting."

Mr Poulter became so excited that he drew out the sword suddenly and Tom leapt back quickly.

"Oh!" cried Tom, "if you're going to do the sword-exercises, let me go and call Philip. He would like to see you too."

"What, that deformed fellow! What's the use of his seeing them?"

"Oh, he knows a great deal about fighting," said Tom, "and how they used to fight with bows and arrows and battle-axes."

"Let him come then. I'll show him something different from his bows and arrows!" said Mr Poulter, giving a trial swing with the sword.

Tom ran in to Philip. He was in the sitting-room playing tunes and singing them—lost in the magic of his music, and entirely happy.

"Come, Philip," cried Tom, bursting in. "Don't stay there roaring 'la-la-la'; come and see old Poulter do his sword-exercises in the yard."

The magic charm was rudely broken—broken in the most foolish, senseless way, for Tom knew (if he had thought for one moment) that Philip hated even to hear about the drill-lessons.

Philip turned red. "Get away, you great fool!" he said fiercely. "Don't come shouting at me; you're not fit to speak to a cart-horse!"

Tom's anger blazed in reply.

"I'm fit to speak to something better than you. You know I won't hit you because you're no better than a girl. But I'm an

honest man's son, and your father's a rascal—everybody says so!"

He threw himself out of the room and shut the door noisily behind him.

Mrs Stelling descended from her room to discover the cause of the noise. She found Philip sitting on the floor and weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter, Wakem? Why all this noise?"

Philip looked up and hastily dried his eyes.

"It was Tulliver; he came in to ask me to go out with him. I'm not well! I've—got a pain."

Tom returned to the yard where Mr Poulter was performing the sword-exercises for the benefit of his warmest admirer—himself. He took no notice of Tom's return: "Ready! Cut! Thrust! Guard. One—two—three!"

"Mr Poulter," said Tom when the show was ended, "I wish you would lend me your sword to keep—just for a little while."

"No, no, young gentleman," said Mr Poulter; "you might do yourself some harm with it."

"I would give you five shillings if you let me keep it for a whole week. I'll keep it hidden under my bed: Mr Stelling shan't see it."

"Well, sir, if I take the five shillings, it is to make sure that you'll do no damage with the sword," said Mr Poulter.

Tom carried off the sword in triumph, and fell asleep that night thinking how he would tie it round his waist with a red handkerchief and astonish Maggie with it when she came on her next visit.

Perhaps if women ceased admiring soldiers in uniform, wars might end, and armies fade away.

Nineteen

MAGGIE'S SECOND VISIT

This last quarrel between the two lads was not readily mended. Tom had been rude and rough; he had touched Philip's tenderest point, had caused him as much pain as if he had set out to wound him. Tom saw no reason why they should not make peace after this quarrel as they had done after many others—merely by behaving as if nothing had happened. But after a time he perceived that his advances towards friendship were not met, and he resolved never to ask Philip to do anything for him again—not Latin, nor pictures, nor stories, nor anything. And they remained just so far polite to each other as to prevent Mr Stelling from noticing anything.

Then Maggie came.

She could not help looking at Tom's new school-fellow with interest. She arrived in the middle of school-time and sat by while Philip did his lessons with Mr Stelling. Tom had said in his letters, "Philip knows lots of stories—not silly stories like yours"; from this, and from watching him do his lessons, she was convinced that he must be very clever. She hoped he would think her clever too when she talked to him. And she had rather a tenderness for deformed things; she preferred lambs with bent necks, because the lambs which were quite strong and well-made didn't care about being stroked and loved. She often wished Tom cared more about her loving him.

"I think Philip Wakem seems a nice boy, Tom," she said when they went out of the library into the garden.

"Oh, he's a queer fellow," said Tom shortly, "and he's very angry with me because I told him that his father was a rascal. But you stop here by yourself for a few minutes, Maggie, will you? I've got something I want to do upstairs."

"Can't I go too?" said Maggie, who, on this first day of meeting again, loved Tom's shadow.

"No; it's something I'll tell you about later—not yet," said Tom, slipping away.

In the afternoon the boys were at their books in the library. Tom was reading his Latin book, moving his lips as if he were saying prayers; and Philip, at the other end of the room, was studying two volumes with a look of contented interest which excited Maggie's curiosity. Philip, looking up from his book, caught a pair of questioning dark eyes fixed upon him. He thought that Tulliver's sister seemed a nice little thing, quite unlike her brother; he wished *he* had a sister.

"I say, Magsie," said Tom at last, shutting his books and putting them away hastily, "I've done my lessons now. Come upstairs with me."

"What is it?" said Maggie when they were outside the door. A suspicion crossed her mind as she remembered Tom's previous visit upstairs. "It isn't a trick you're going to play on me, is it?"

"No, no, Maggie," said Tom in his sweetest tone; "it's something you'll like ever so much."

He put his arm round her neck and she put hers round his waist, and they went upstairs together.

"I say, Maggie, you mustn't tell anyone, you know—or I shall get punished."

"Is it alive?" said Maggie, thinking that Tom might be keeping rabbits secretly.

"Oh, I shan't tell you," said he. "Now you go into that corner and shut your eyes while I get it ready. I'll tell you when to look. You mustn't scream, you know."

"Oh, but if you frighten me, I shall," said Maggie.

"You won't be frightened. Now shut your eyes—and don't peep."

Tom had thought this thing out carefully. With a burnt stick he drew large black eyebrows and a beard. He tied a red handkerchief round his head and another across his breast. Then he took the sword and held it with its point resting on the ground.

"Now look, Magsie!"

Maggie looked astonished for a moment, and Tom greatly enjoyed her look of wonder. Then she laughed and said:

"Oh, Tom, you've made yourself look like Bluebeard in the theatre."

It was clear to Tom that Maggie was not taking the sword seriously enough. He frowned; then raised the sword and pointed it at her.

"Oh, Tom, please don't!" she said, moving backward, away from it. "I shall scream—I know I shall. Oh, don't! I wish I'd never come upstairs!"

"I'm Wellington! Quick march!" he said, stepping forward with the sword still pointing at Maggie. Her eyes were filled with tears and she got up on the bed as the only way of widening the space between them.

"Cut! Thrust! Guard! One . . ." Tom proceeded to show the sword-exercises; using all his strength.

"Tom, I will not bear it. I *will* scream," said Maggie. "You'll hurt yourself; you'll cut your head off!"

"—two—three," said Tom. At "two" his arm trembled a little. "Three" came more slowly, and with it the sword swung downwards. And Maggie gave a loud cry. The sword had fallen with its edge on Tom's foot; and, one moment later, he had fallen too.

She leapt off the bed still screaming.

There was a rush of footsteps towards the room.

Mr Stelling found her shaking Tom madly; she thought he was dead, poor child, and yet she shook him as if that would bring him back to life.

In another minute she was sobbing with joy because Tom had opened his eyes. . . . She could not be sorry that he had wounded his foot; it seemed as if all happiness lay in his being alive.

Twenty

THE END OF A QUARREL

Tom bore his severe pain like a hero; but there was a terrible dread dwelling in his mind—a thought so fearful that he dared not even ask the question which might bring the fatal answer "Yes." He dared not ask the doctor or Mr Stelling, "Will my foot be deformed?"

He controlled himself so as not to cry out at the pain when the wound was washed each day, but when he was left alone, with Maggie seated by his bedside, the children sobbed together with their heads laid on the same pillow. Tom was thinking of himself dragging a deformed foot after him as he walked; and Maggie, who did not guess what was in his mind, wept to keep him company.

Neither Mr Stelling nor the doctor guessed that this fear was in Tom's mind. But Philip watched the doctor go out of the house, then went to Mr Stelling and asked that question which Tom had not dared to ask for himself.

"Excuse me, sir; does the doctor say that Tulliver's foot will heal perfectly, or will it be—be deformed?"

"Oh, no, oh, no. It will be perfectly all right, though of course it will take time to heal."

"Did he tell Tulliver that?"

"No; nothing was said on that subject."

"Then may I go and tell him, sir?"

"Yes, of course. I dare say he may be troubling about that. Go to his bedroom, but be very quiet. . . ."

Philip stepped timidly up to Tom's bed.

"The doctor says that you will soon be all right again, Tulliver. Did you know that? I've just asked Mr Stelling, and he says that you'll walk as well as ever when your foot is healed."

Tom felt that sudden stopping of the breath which comes with unhoped-for joy. Then he gave a long sigh, and turned

his blue eyes on Philip's face, as he had not done for a fortnight or more. As for Maggie—she had not thought of this possibility; even the idea of it made her weep again.

"Don't be silly, Magsie," said Tom tenderly, feeling very brave now, "I shall soon be well."

"Good-bye, Tulliver," said Philip, putting out his small, delicate hand, which Tom clasped in his own strong fingers.

"I say," said Tom, "ask Mr Stelling to let you come and sit with me sometimes, Wakem—and tell me those Greek stories."

Twenty-one

PHILIP AND MAGGIE

Philip now spent all his time, out of school hours, with Tom and Maggie. Tom listened with great interest to a new story of Philip's about a man called Philoctetes, who had a very bad wound in his foot and cried out so much that his companions put him on a desert island with nothing but some poisoned arrows to kill animals for his food.

"*I* didn't roar a bit," said Tom, "and I dare say my foot was as bad as his. Only cowards roar when they're hurt."

Maggie asked whether Philoctetes had a sister and why she didn't go with him on the desert island.

One day, soon after Philip had told this story, he and Maggie were in the library together. Philip was at his books. Maggie wandered idly round the room, then went and leaned on the table near Philip to see what he was doing—for they felt quite old friends now.

"What are you reading about in Greek?" she said.

"About Philoctetes," he answered, looking up at her.

"Maggie," said Philip after a moment, "if you had a brother like me, do you think you would have loved him as much as Tom?"

Maggie's thoughts had wandered. "Eh?—oh, better," she said. "No, not better than Tom. But I should be so sorry—*so* sorry for you."

Philip blushed, and his eyes showed how much she had wounded him. Maggie felt that she had said the wrong thing.

"But you're so clever, Philip, and you can play music and sing," she added quickly. "I wish you were my brother."

"But you'll go away soon, and you'll forget all about me. And when I see you after you've grown up, you'll hardly take any notice of me."

"Oh, no; I shall not forget you, I'm sure," said Maggie. "I never forget anything. I think about everybody when I'm away from them. I think about poor Yap—he's got a bad throat and Luke says he'll die—but don't tell Tom that. You never saw Yap: he's a queer little dog."

"Do you care as much about me as you do about Yap?" said Philip, smiling sadly.

"Oh, yes, I should think so!" said Maggie, laughing.

"I am very fond of you, Maggie; I shall never forget *you*," said Philip. "When I'm very unhappy I shall always think of you and wish I had a sister with dark eyes just like yours."

"Why, I think you're fonder of me than Tom is," said Maggie rather sorrowfully. She put her arm round his neck and kissed him. "There now," she said, "I shall always remember you; and I'll kiss you when I see you again, even if it's ever such a long time."

Mr Tulliver came a few days later to fetch Maggie.

"Oh, father," said Maggie, "Philip Wakem is so very good to Tom, and he's so clever. I do love him—and you love him too, Tom, don't you?"

Tom seemed rather confused. He looked at his father. "I shan't be friends with him after I leave school; but we've ended our quarrel now, since my foot has been bad. He's taught me to play chess, and I sometimes beat him."

"Well, well," said Mr Tulliver, "if he's good to you, pay it back to him and be good to him. He's a poor, deformed creature and looks like his dead mother. But don't be too

friendly with him; he's got his father's blood in him too. And bad blood shows itself—in man, as in horses. Never trust bad blood!"

Twenty-two

THE GOLDEN GATES ARE PASSED

Maggie was thirteen years of age and was growing fast. She was at Miss Firniss's Boarding School, with her cousin Lucy. In her early letters to Tom she always "sent her love" to Philip, and she asked many questions about him—which Tom usually failed to answer. She was pained to hear Tom say in the holidays that Philip was "as queer as ever", and she could see that they were no longer friends. She did not see Philip again for a very long time, for he was always away in the summer. When they did meet, she was quite a "young lady", and she—shook hands with him.

Mr Tulliver went to law against Mr Pivart; and Wakem was Pivart's lawyer. Maggie noticed that even the sound of Wakem's name made her father angry. "Have as little as possible to do with young Wakem at school," he said to Tom. Tom did not find this difficult, since Stelling had now two more pupils.

Tom had reached his last half-year at Stelling's school. He was a tall youth now. He stood up straight; he walked in a manly way, and when he spoke it was with a curious mixture of timidity and pride, which was rather pleasing. He wore a long coat and a stiff collar; and he had bought his first razor.

Philip had left the school and had gone to the south of France for the sake of his health. This had helped to give Tom that unsettled feeling which belongs to the last few months of school. There was, too, some hope that his father's affair would soon be decided in the law-court; and that made the thought of going home more pleasant to Tom. For Tom, who had heard

only his father's account of the matter, had no doubt that Pivart would be beaten.

It was nine o'clock on a cold morning towards the end of November, and Tom was sitting in the library, when Mrs Stelling entered to tell him that his sister was in the sitting-room.

Maggie was tall now; she was almost as tall as Tom, and she really looked older than he did at that moment. She had taken off her hat, and her young face had a strangely worn and tired look, as her eyes turned anxiously towards the door.

When Tom entered she did not speak, but only went up to him, put her arms round his neck and kissed him earnestly.

"Why, how is it you're come so early this cold morning, Maggie? And how is it you aren't at school? The holidays haven't begun yet."

"Father wanted me at home," said Maggie, with a slight trembling of her lips. "I came home three or four days ago."

"Isn't my father well?" said Tom rather anxiously.

"Not quite," said Maggie. "He's very unhappy, Tom. That affair—Pivart—I came to tell you; it would be better for you to know before you come home——"

"My father hasn't lost?" Tom sprang up from his chair and stood before Maggie, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"Yes, dear Tom," said Maggie, looking up at him.

Tom stood silent for a minute or two, with his eyes fixed on the floor.

"My father will have to pay a good deal of money, then?"

"Yes," said Maggie rather faintly. ". . . Oh, Tom, he will lose the mill and the land and everything; he will have nothing left."

Tom's eyes flashed one look of surprise at her; then he turned pale and trembled. He said nothing, but sat down again and gazed sightlessly out of the window. Tom had never been anxious about the future; he had always thought of his father as a man who was "comfortably off"; he had never dreamed that he would be unable to pay his debts—"respectable" people don't behave like that, and he had a strong sense of the respectability of his family.

Tom's voice had the deeper note of manhood, and he used a razor now, but his thoughts were still boyish dreams. He was awkward now with a violent shock.

Maggie was frightened at Tom's pale, trembling silence. She threw her arms round him at last. "Oh, dear, dear Tom, don't grieve so much; try to bear it well."

Tom turned towards her, and a moisture gathered in his eyes. He rubbed it away with his hand. This action seemed to rouse him.

"I shall go home with you, Maggie," he said. "Didn't my father say I was to go?"

"No, Tom," she answered, "father didn't say so." What would he do when she had told him all? "But mother wants you to come. Poor mother!—she cries so. Oh, Tom, it's very dreadful at home."

Maggie's lips grew whiter, and she began to tremble almost as Tom had done. The two poor things clung to each other.

When Maggie spoke, it was like a faint whisper:

"And . . . and . . . poor father——"

She could not say it.

The thought of prison entered Tom's mind. "Where is my father?" he said impatiently. "Tell me, Maggie."

"He's at home," said Maggie. "But," she added after a pause, "he's—not himself. . . . He fell off his horse. . . . He has known nobody but me ever since. . . . He seems to have lost his senses. . . . Oh, father, father ——"

Tom tightened his arm round Maggie. His face was white and tearless, and his eyes saw nothing.

"We must set out, Tom," said Maggie at last; "father will miss me."

Tom rose.

"Wait a minute; I must speak to Mr Stelling and then we'll go."

Tom had so often thought how joyful would be the day when he left school for the last time: but now his school years seemed like a holiday that had come to an end.

The two youthful figures soon grew indistinct in the distance—and were lost round a bend of the road.

They had gone forth together into their new life of sorrow; and they would never more see the sunshine undimmed by the memory of care. They had entered into a dark and thorny land; and the golden gates of their childhood for ever closed behind them.

Book Three

THE DOWNFALL

Twenty-three

WHAT HAD HAPPENED

When Mr Tulliver first learnt that the judgment had gone against him, and that Pivart and Wakem had triumphed, everyone thought he bore the shock very well. He thought so himself; he thought that, if Wakem and Pivart imagined he was crushed, he would show them that they were very much mistaken. Of course he saw that the costs of the affair would take more money than he possessed. But there was Furley, who had lent him money on part of his land: he had an agreement with Furley that, if the money was not paid back within twenty years, Furley might take the land. Furley would certainly be glad to buy the whole estate including the mill, and would certainly keep Mr Tulliver at a very small salary to manage it for him. Furley was a business man and would see that this would be a very profitable opportunity for him. He talked to Mr Gore, his lawyer, about this after they came out of the law-court, and asked him to see Mr Furley at once. Mr Gore promised to see Furley the next morning.

Then Mr Tulliver mounted his horse to ride home.

As he passed the post office he stopped. He felt a longing to have Maggie near him—he could not tell why. He sent a letter to Miss Firniss's school which would be delivered in the morning; she must come back at once—tomorrow. His hand trembled as he wrote.

Mrs Tulliver burst into tears when he told her the news; he was angry with her and told her that there was nothing to grieve about, and that he would have no difficulty in meeting the cost.

Next day Mr Tulliver was again on horseback in the afternoon, on his way to Mr Gore's office at St Ogg. Mr Gore was to have seen Furley in the morning. But Mr Tulliver had not gone half-way when he met a clerk from Mr Gore's office, who

said, "Mr Gore has been called away from his office by an important affair, and he was unable to wait and see you. He will be able to see you at eleven tomorrow morning. Meanwhile he has sent you some important information in this note."

"Oh," said Mr Tulliver, taking the letter but not opening it, "tell Mr Gore that I'll see him tomorrow"; and he turned his horse.

The clerk noticed Mr Tulliver's excited glance, and looked after him for a few moments; then rode away. Mr Tulliver put the letter in his pocket, thinking he would open it at home—for reading was not an easy task to him. Later he thought that there might be something in the letter which Mrs Tulliver must not know, and it would be better for her not to see it.

He stopped his horse, took out the letter and read it. It was only a short note:

"I have learnt from a secret, but trustworthy, source that Furley has lately been in great need of money; he has been raising money on all his property and has transferred his rights in the Tulliver property to—Wakem."

Half an hour later Mr Tulliver's own cart-man found him lying by the roadside, senseless, with the open letter near him, and his grey horse standing by his side.

He was carried home, and Dr Turnbull was called.

Before Maggie reached home her father had already recovered consciousness. He had murmured something about a letter. "Letter!" he whispered again. Gore's letter was brought and laid on the bed. He lay for some time with his eyes fixed upon it as if he was trying to join up his thoughts again with its help. Then a new wave of memory seemed to come, and swept the other away. He turned his eyes to the door as if trying to see something through the dimness of his eyes. "My little girl," he whispered.

"My little girl," he repeated from time to time, unconscious of everything but this one all-important need—unconscious even of his wife. Mrs Tulliver ran backwards and forwards to the gate to see if Maggie was coming.

At last she arrived.

She ran to him and clasped him in a passion of tears and kisses.

"Oh, mother, what's the matter?" she said with pale lips as her mother came towards her crying.

Dr Turnbull came now to meet her.

A doctor is the good angel of a troubled house, and Maggie ran towards the kind old friend whom she remembered as long as she remembered anything; and he answered her trembling, questioning look.

"Don't alarm yourself too much, my dear," he said, taking her hand. "Your father has had a sudden attack of illness, and has not quite recovered his memory. But he has been asking for you, and it will do him good to see you. Keep as quiet as you can."

Her father's eyes were still turned towards the door when she entered, and she met in them that strange, longing, helpless look that had been seeking her in vain. With a sudden movement he raised himself in bed, and she ran to him and clasped him in a passion of tears and kisses.

But that flash of recognition had been too great a strain; he fell back stiff and unconscious upon the bed again.

Mrs Tulliver wanted to have Tom fetched home. She sat crying at night: "My poor lad, my poor lad; he ought to come home."

"Let me go for him and tell him," said Maggie. "I'll go tomorrow morning—if father doesn't know me and want me."

Next morning Maggie went.

As they came along the road, the brother and sister talked to each other in whispers.

"They say that Mr Wakem has bought the debt on the land, Tom, and can take possession of it," said Maggie. "It was the letter with that news in it that made father ill, I think."

"I believe the rascal has been planning all the time to ruin my father," said Tom. "When I'm a man I'll make him repent it! Be sure you never speak to Philip again."

"Oh, Tom! I . . ."

But she was silent; her spirit was broken.

Twenty-four

MRS TULLIVER'S TREASURES

When Maggie reached home it was five hours since she had started out; and she was thinking with some trembling that her father had perhaps missed her and had asked for his "little girl" in vain.

She hurried along the path and entered the house before Tom; but in the entrance she was surprised to notice a strong smell, as if someone was smoking a pipe. The sitting-room door was half open; that was where the smell came from. It was very strange: could any visitor be smoking at a time like this? Was her mother there? If so, she must be told that Tom had come.

Maggie was just opening the door when Tom came up, and they both looked into the room together. There was a rough-looking man sitting in her father's chair with a bottle and glass beside him.

The truth flashed on Tom's mind in an instant. He knew what this meant: the law-officers were in the house. They were going to be "sold up". He had heard of such things as a little boy; they were part of the disgrace and misery of losing all one's money and being ruined.

"How do you do, sir," said the man, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

Tom turned away hastily without speaking: the sight was too hateful.

Maggie had not understood. "Who can it be, Tom?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

Then she rushed upstairs and entered her father's room. All was silent there: her father was lying with his eyes closed as when she had left him. A servant was there, but not her mother.

"Where's my mother?" she whispered. The servant did not know. Maggie crept out of the room and said to Tom, "Father's

lying quiet. Let's go and look for mother. I wonder where she is."

Mrs Tulliver was not downstairs—not in any of the bedrooms. There was only one room which Maggie had left unsearched; it was the store-room where her mother kept all her precious "best things", that were only unwrapped and brought out on special occasions.

Tom opened the door of the store-room and immediately said, "Mother!"

Mrs Tulliver was seated among all her carefully stored treasures. One of the chests was opened: the silver teapot was unwrapped from its many coverings of paper; the best china and the silver teaspoons were spread out on the table, and the woman was shaking her head over the mark *"Elizabeth Dodson"* on the corner of a tablecloth which she held in her hand.

She dropped it and stood up as Tom spoke. "Oh, my boy, my boy," she said, clasping him round the neck, "to think that I should live to see this day! We're ruined.... Everything's going to be sold up. We've got nothing.... We shall be beggars. To think of these tablecloths that I made myself and sewed the name on the corner; and they'll all be sold—and go into strange people's houses, and perhaps be cut with knives."

"But will my aunts let the things be sold, mother? Do they know about it?" said Tom fiercely.

"Yes, I sent Luke at once. Your aunt Pullet has been here; but she cried and cried and said that your father had disgraced the family. And I did say to him again and again, 'Whatever you do, don't go to law'—and what more could I do? I shouldn't have worried so much if we could have kept the things with my name on them. Your uncle Glegg has been too, and he says that things must be bought by the family for us to use, but that he must first talk to your aunt, and they're all coming to consult. But I know none of them will buy these cups because they all found fault with them when I bought them; they didn't like the pattern on them. I bought them with my own money that I'd saved ever since I was a girl of fifteen: and the silver teapot with my name on it—your father never

paid for them. And to think that he should have married me and brought me to this!"

She burst out crying anew.

Maggie had listened to this speech with gathering anger. Why did they blame her father who was lying there upstairs in a sort of living death?

"Mother," she cried, "how can you talk so?—as if you cared only for things with your name on and not for what has my father's name too. How can you care for anything but dear father himself—when he's lying there and may never speak to us again? Tom, you ought to say so too; you oughtn't to let anyone find fault with my father."

Tom was a little shocked at Maggie's outburst—telling him and his mother what it was right to do! But presently he went into his father's room; and the sight there moved his heart. He sat by the bed. Maggie went to him and put her arm round his neck, and the two children forgot everything else in the sense that they had one father and one sorrow.

Twenty-five

THE FAMILY COUNCIL

It was eleven o'clock next morning when the aunts and uncles came.

Mr Deane was not coming—he was away on business, but Mrs Deane appeared in a fine new carriage with a smart servant driving it. She was the first to arrive.

"Oh, sister," said Mrs Tulliver as she met her, "what a world this is! What trouble!"

"Yes," replied Mrs Deane; "and we do not know today what may happen tomorrow. But we must suffer our troubles bravely."

Mrs Deane made well-considered speeches on such occasions,

and repeated them afterwards to her husband, asking him if she had not "spoken very properly".

Mr and Mrs Glegg came next, and were almost immediately followed by Mr and Mrs Pullet.

Mrs Pullet entered crying, as was her habit. Mrs Glegg was dressed in the deepest black.

"Well," said Mr Glegg, "and how's the poor man upstairs?"

"Dr Turnbull thought that he was better this morning," said Mrs Tulliver; "he took more notice and spoke to me; but he hasn't recognized Tom yet. He looks at the poor lad as if he were a stranger; but he said something once about Tom and the little horse; the doctor says that his memory has gone a long way back, and he does not know Tom because he is thinking of him when he was a child."

"I expect it's water on the brain," said aunt Pullet, looking in the glass and tidying her hair. "If he ever gets up again, he'll probably be childish—as Mr Car was—poor man. They fed him with a spoon like a baby for three years."

"Sister Pullet," said Mrs Glegg severely, "we've come together this morning to consult about what is to be done in this disgrace that has fallen upon the family, and not to talk about Mr Car, who is no relation of ours."

"Oh, sister Glegg," said Mrs Pullet, "don't say anything disrespectful of Mr Car to me!—I know what he was," she added; "his breath was so short that you could hear him two rooms off."

"Sophie," said Mrs Glegg, "I say as I said before: we've come to decide what to do to save a sister and her children from ruin. We must all act together. You can't expect me to do everything."

"I don't see that you've done anything yet," said Mrs Pullet; "this is the first time you've been here."

"Come, come," said Mr Glegg kindly, "we must all do the best we can. When the things are sold we must all of us buy just what's sufficient for you, Mrs Tulliver—useful plain things —a table, a chair or two, and kitchen things, and a bed."

"I do wish you would buy the silver teapot and the tablecloths with my name on them," said Mrs Tulliver eagerly.

"Haven't Mr and Mrs Moss seen you?" asked uncle Pullet. "Mr Tulliver has done a lot for them; and, if he has lent them money, they ought to be made to pay it back."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs Tulliver, "I never told them, and they live so far away that they never hear anything except when Mr Moss goes to market. I wonder Maggie didn't think of them, for she was always so fond of her aunt Moss."

"Why don't your children come in?" said Mrs Pullet at the mention of Maggie. "They should hear what their aunts and uncles have got to say."

Mrs Tulliver went upstairs to fetch Tom and Maggie, who were both in their father's room. On her way down again the sight of the store-room door suggested a thought to her, and she left the two children to go down by themselves.

The aunts and uncles appeared to have been in warm discussion when the brother and sister entered.

They shook hands in silence, till uncle Pullet said, as Tom approached him:

"Well, young sir, we've been talking about you. Your education ought to come in useful now, I should think."

"Yes," said uncle Glegg, "now's the time to show us what good your learning has been. Let's see whether you can do better than I can, who made my fortune without it; but I fear that soft living and high learning will make it harder for you than it was for me."

"Oh, he *must* do it," said aunt Glegg, "whether it's hard or not. He can't trust his friends to keep him in idleness; and Maggie must make up her mind to be humble and work, for there will be no servants to wait on her now."

Tom was standing before the table in the centre of the group. He was looking very far from humble, and he was preparing to say something—when his mother entered.

Poor Mrs Tulliver had in her hands the silver teapot.

"See here, sister," she said, looking at Mrs Deane as she set it on the table, "I thought perhaps you'd like to look at it again, as it is a long time since you last saw it. I should hate for them to buy this at the hotel—my teapot that I had when I

was married! Think of it being set before travellers, with my name on it. See here!—*Elizabeth Dodson*—it would be a disgrace to the family."

"As for disgrace," said Mrs Glegg, "the disgrace is to have married a man who has brought you to ruin."

Maggie jumped up from her seat; no one should speak against her father.

Tom saw her action. "Be quiet, Maggie," he said, pushing her aside. Then:

"Aunt," he said, looking straight at Mrs Glegg, "if you think it's a disgrace to the family that our things should be sold, would it not be better to prevent it? If you and my aunt Pullet think of leaving any money to me and Maggie, would it not be better to give it now and save my mother from losing all her furniture?"

This speech was a fine piece of courage and practical judgment in a boy of sixteen. There was a silence for a few moments. Uncle Glegg was the first to speak.

"Well, young man, you show some idea of things; but you must remember that your aunts get five per cent. on their money, and they'd lose that if they did what you said."

"I could work and pay that every year," said Tom promptly. "I'd do anything to save my mother from losing her things."

"Good!" said uncle Glegg.

"Oh, Mr Glegg," said his wife angrily; "it's pleasant work for you to be giving my money away. Sister Pullet, you may do what you like, but why should I give my money away to people who've been wicked and wasteful?"

"I'm sorry for sister and her children," said Mrs Pullet, "but it's no use for me to think of doing anything if you won't help."

Maggie was filled with wild anger.

"Why do you come then?" she burst out, "blaming us and scolding us, if you don't mean to do anything to help my poor mother—your own sister—when she's in trouble! Keep away from us, and don't come and find fault with my father. He was better than any of you; he was kind; he would have helped *you* if you'd been in trouble. Tom and I don't want to have

any of your money. We'd rather not have it. We'll do without you."

"You haven't seen the end of your trouble with that child, Bessy," said Mrs Pullet.

"Come, come, don't let's waste time talking. Let's get to business," said Mr Glegg.

"Why, there's Mrs Moss," said Mrs Tulliver. "The news must have reached her."

Mrs Moss looked very different from the Dodson sisters as she entered the room in her poor, cheap dress. She seemed to take no notice of anyone except Tom, for she went straight up to him and took him by the hand.

"Oh, my dear children," she burst out, "I'm a poor aunt to you, for I am one of those who take all and give nothing. How's my poor brother?"

"Dr Turnbull thinks he will get better," said Maggie. "Sit down, aunt Gritty."

"Oh, my child, I feel torn in two," said Mrs Moss. "We've three hundred pounds of my brother's money, and you all want it, poor things!—and yet we must be sold up to pay it."

"What madness!" said Mrs Glegg. "He'd no right to lend his money in that way; and I don't suppose there's any receipt or paper to show for it."

"Yes," replied Mrs Moss; "my husband gave a note for the money."

"Well," said Mr Glegg gently, "has not your husband any way of raising this money? It would be a fortune for these people now."

"Oh, sir, you don't know what bad luck my husband has had on his farm. We've sold all the wheat, and we haven't paid the rent."

"You've got to think of this, Mrs Moss," said Mr Glegg, "and it's right to warn you of it: if Mr Tulliver is sold up and he's got a note of your husband's for three hundred pounds, you'll be compelled to pay it. So you may as well pay it now."

"Uncle," said Tom, looking up suddenly, "I don't think it

would be right for my aunt Moss to pay the money. It would be against my father's wishes. I remember quite well before I went to school to Mr Stelling, my father said to me one night —'I've always been good to my sister though she married against my will, and I've lent Moss money; but I should never think of making him pay it; I'd rather lose it all.'—And now my father is ill and not able to speak for himself—but I don't think anything ought to be done against his wishes."

Mr Glegg looked surprised; then he said, "Why, no, perhaps not, Tom. But if this is so, we shall have to destroy the note, you know."

"Destroy a note!" said uncle Pullet. "I'm not sure that isn't a crime."

"I hope you'll help me to do it, uncle Glegg," said Tom earnestly, taking no notice of uncle Pullet. "I'm sure my father meant me to remember what he said that evening,"

Even Mrs Glegg secretly approved of Tom as he stood up so boldly; she felt that the Dodson blood was certainly speaking in him.

"Well," said Mr Glegg, who had been thinking deeply, "you know we shall be taking the money away from the other people to whom your father also owes money. You are taking one man's dinner away to make another man's breakfast. You don't understand that, I suppose?"

"Yes, I do," said Tom; "but my father decided to give my aunt that money before he was in debt, and he had the right to do it then."

"Well done, young man," said uncle Glegg. "Let's go and see if we can find the note."

"It's in my father's room," said Maggie.

Twenty-six

TOM SEEKS EMPLOYMENT

The days passed and Mr Tulliver slowly grew stronger, until at last the doctor was able to give hopes of a complete recovery.

While Mr Tulliver was slowly becoming himself again, his fate and fortune were changing rapidly. By the beginning of the second week in January, the notices were out about the sale of his land and the mill; and soon afterwards the sale itself took place.

Both the mill and the land were sold to Wakem.

The new owner went round his property with Mr Glegg and Mr Deane. After visiting it and consulting with these two gentlemen, Wakem told Mrs Tulliver that, if her husband recovered, he would be willing to keep him as manager of the business.

It was a dark, cold morning when Tom set off on his way to St Ogg to see his uncle Deane. He had decided that his uncle was the right person to ask for advice about getting some employment. Mr Deane had a great business, and he had risen in the world rapidly—and that was what Tom wanted to do.

By the time Tom had crossed the stone bridge over the Floss and was entering St Ogg, he was thinking that he would buy his father's land and mill again when he was rich enough. He would improve the house and live there and keep as many horses and dogs as he liked.

He was roused from his dream of the future to a thorough consciousness of the present when he reached the offices of Deane & Co.

"This is Mr Deane's morning at the bank,' said the clerk with some contempt at Tom's ignorance. "Mr Deane is never to be found here on Thursday mornings."

At the bank Tom was admitted into the private room where his uncle was, immediately after sending in his name. Mr Deane was seated at a large table looking over accounts. He glanced up as Tom entered, and put out his hand.

"Well, Tom," he said, "nothing new at home, I hope. How's your father?"

"He is much better, uncle," said Tom. "I want to speak to you, please, when you are free."

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr Deane, turning back to his accounts.

He continued to look over his accounts with his clerk for the next half-hour, and Tom began to wonder whether he would have to sit in this way until the bank closed for the day. Would his uncle give him a place in the bank? It would be very dull work to sit for ever listening to the loud *tick-tock, tick-tock* of the clock. He would prefer some other way of getting rich.

At last there was a change: his uncle took a pen and wrote something at the bottom of the page. "You'll just go over to Mr Torry now, Mr Spence, if you please," said Mr Deane.

The sound of the clock suddenly became less loud in Tom's ears.

"Well, Tom," said Mr Deane, turning a little in his chair, "what's the business, my boy? What's the business?"

"I hope you will excuse me for troubling you, uncle," said Tom, blushing a little but speaking in a tone which had a certain proud independence in it; "but I thought you were the best person to advise me as to what to do."

"Ah," said Mr Deane, looking at him with new attention, "let's hear."

"I want to get employment, uncle, so that I may earn some money," said Tom, who never wasted words.

"Employment?" said Mr Deane. "Why, let me see, how old are you?" he asked, leaning back in his chair.

"I'm nearly seventeen," sad Tom, hoping that his uncle noticed how much beard he had.

"Well—people don't get much money at anything when

"I want to speak to you, please, when you are free."

they are only seventeen. You've had a lot of schooling, however; I suppose you're fairly good at accounts. Do you understand accounts?"

"No," said Tom, with a slight tremble in his voice, "but Mr Stelling says that my handwriting is good. This is some of my handwriting," he added, laying on the table a piece of paper.

"Ah! That's good, that's good; but, you see, the best handwriting in the world will not get you a better place than a copying clerk, unless you know something of accounts; and copying clerks are cheap."

"I want," said Tom, "to enter some business where I can get on quickly—a man's business where I should have to look after things—where, if I do well, I shall get the reward; and, if I don't—well, I shan't. I want to help my mother and sister."

"Ah, young gentleman," said Mr Deane, "that's easier said than done."

"But didn't *you* get on in that way, uncle?" said Tom. "I mean, didn't you rise from one place to another because you did well and worked hard."

"Yes, yes," said Mr Deane, spreading himself in his chair a little. "But if I got places, sir, it was because I made myself fit for them. If you want to slip into a round hole, you must make a ball of yourself—that's what it is."

"Well, uncle," said Tom, "that's what I should like to do. Can't I get on in the same way?"

"In the same way?" said Mr Deane, eyeing Tom with quiet consideration. "That depends on several things. It depends on what sort of material you are, and it depends on what sort of training you've had. That's the pity of it. Your poor father went the wrong way to work in giving you an education. Latin is not any use to you."

"No," said Tom. "but I don't see why the Latin need hinder me. I shall soon forget it all. I had to do my lessons at school, but I always thought they would never be of any use to me afterwards."

"Well," answered Mr Deane, "that doesn't alter what I was going to say. Your Latin may soon dry off you, but you will be only a bare stick after that. What do you know? Why, you

know nothing about accounts—nothing at all. You will have to begin right at the bottom, let me tell you, if you mean to get on in life. It's no use forgetting the education your father's been paying for, if you don't give yourself a new one."

Tom bit his lips hard. He felt as if the tears were rising; but he would be a man!

"You want me to help you to find employment?" Mr Deane continued. "Well, I am willing to do something for you." Tom was going to speak but Mr Deane put up his hand. "Hear what I've got to say. You don't want to be a copying clerk. You don't want to stand behind a desk and gaze at your ink and paper all day. No! Now the best chance for you is to take a place in the store-house by the river-side where the ships are unloaded. You will learn the smell of things there—but you won't like that, I suppose? You'll have to stand out in the open when it is cold and wet, and be knocked about by rough fellows; but you're too fine a gentleman for that, I suppose?" Mr Deane paused and looked hard at Tom.

"I will do what's best for me in the end, sir," said Tom. "I don't mind how disagreeable it is. I had better set about learning accounts immediately, hadn't I, uncle?" he added.

"Well done, Tom, well done!" said Mr Deane, "that's the right spirit. I never refuse to help anyone if they have made up their minds to help themselves."

"What did uncle Deane say?" said Maggie, putting her arm through Tom's as he was warming himself by the kitchen fire. "Did he say that he would give you some employment?"

"He seemed to think that I couldn't have a very good place," said Tom. "He said I was too young."

"But didn't he speak kindly, Tom?"

"He said I must set about learning accounts and those things," answered Tom. "He seems to think that I am good for nothing."

"Accounts?" said Maggie. "Oh, I can teach you that. I learnt them with Lucy at school."

Twenty-seven

SOMETHING IS WRITTEN IN THE BIBLE

Two months had passed, and Mr Tulliver was now strong enough to leave his bed.

"Tom," said Maggie, as they came out of their father's room together, "we must try to make father understand a little of what has happened before he goes downstairs; but we must get my mother away. She will say something that will do harm. Ask Kezia to fetch her down and to keep her busy with something in the kitchen."

Kezia was equal to the task. Having declared her intention of staying without wages until the master was well again, she had found a certain pleasure in keeping a strong hand over her mistress and scolding her as much as she liked. On this occasion there were clothes to be fetched in from drying.

"I'd like to know," said Kezia sharply, "if one pair of hands can do everything inside and out. I should have thought it would be good for you to get a breath of fresh air by doing a piece of work that has got to be done." Mrs Tulliver silently obeyed.

Mr Tulliver was resting in his chair after the fatigue of dressing, and Maggie and Tom were seated near him, when Luke entered and asked if he could help the master to get downstairs.

"Yes, yes, Luke," said Mr Tulliver. "But stay a bit—sit down"—he pointed his stick towards a chair.

"How is the water now, eh, Luke?" said Mr Tulliver. "No more trouble with Dix, eh?"

"No, sir, it's all right."

"It's a long time since you had that quarrel with Dix, father," said Tom. "I remember you talking about it before I went to school at Mr Stelling's. I have been at school three years; don't you remember?"

Mr Tulliver leant back in his chair. His face lost the child-like look as a rush of new memories came into his mind.

"Yes, yes," he said after a minute or two; "I've paid a lot of money; I was determined my son should have a good education. I had none myself and I felt the lack of it; for if Wakem was to . . ."

He stopped. The thought of Wakem aroused a new idea in his mind. He began to feel in the pocket of his coat. Then he turned to Tom and said in his old sharp way, "Where have they put Gore's letter?"

"You know what there is in the letter, father?" said Tom as he gave it to him.

"Of course I do," said Mr Tulliver rather angrily: "what of that? If Furley can't take the property, somebody else can. But I must go and see Gore about it; he's expecting me. Tell them to get ready the horse."

"No, dear father," cried Maggie: "it's a long time since all that. Everything is changed."

Mr Tulliver looked at them questioningly.

"Yes, father," said Tom. "Everything is settled for the present about the mill and the land and the debts."

"You would have paid everybody if you could, sir," said Luke. "That's what I said to Master Tom."

"Paid everybody?" said Mr Tulliver; "—*would* have paid everybody? Why—— Have they—sold me up?"

"Oh, father, dear father," said Maggie, "Tom will pay them all. He says he will, when he is a man."

She saw her father's lips tremble.

"Yes, my little girl," he said, and his voice trembled too; "but I shall never live twice over."

"Perhaps you will live to see me pay everybody, father," said Tom.

The father looked up at him. "You're only seventeen, Tom," he said. "It's an uphill fight for you—but you mustn't blame your father. The rascals have been too clever for him."

He paused.

"So they've sold me up?" he repeated more calmly.

"You mustn't be surprised to see the room look very bare downstairs," said Maggie: "but there's your chair and desk; they're not gone."

"Let us go. Help me down, Luke," said Mr Tulliver.

He paused just inside the door of the sitting-room and looked at all the bare places which for him were filled with shadows of departed objects—the daily companions of his life.

"Ah," he said slowly, moving towards his chair, —"they've sold me up."

He seated himself, while Luke left the room. Then he looked round again.

"They've left the big Bible," he said. "It has got everything written in it—when I was born—and married. . . . Bring it to me, Tom."

Mrs Tulliver entered the room, but stood in mute surprise to find her husband downstairs already, and with the great Bible opened before him.

"Ah," he said. "Margaret Beaton—that was my mother . . . Elizabeth Dodson. It's eighteen years since I married her."

"Eighteen years last March," said Mrs Tulliver, going to his side and looking at the page.

Her husband fixed his eyes on her face.

"Poor Bessy," he said. "You were a pretty girl then—everybody said so—and I used to think that you kept your good looks well; but this trouble has aged you. Don't bear me ill-will. We took each other 'for better and for worse'."

"But I never thought it would be as bad as this," said poor Mrs Tulliver.

"Don't say that, Bessy," said Mr Tulliver. "If there is anything I can do to make you amends, I swear I will do it."

"Then we might stay here so that I might keep among my own sisters; only you're so set against Wakem."

"Mother," said Tom severely, "this is not the time to talk about that!"

"Leave her alone," said Mr Tulliver. "Say what you mean, Bessy."

"Why, the mill and the land all belong to Wakem. He says that you may stay here and that he'll pay you thirty shillings a

week to manage the business. Where else can we go? We must go into one of the cottages in the village—and all because you've set your mind against Wakem!"

Mr Tulliver had sunk back on his chair trembling.

"You may do what you like with me, Bessy," he said at last in a low voice. "It was I who brought you to poverty. This world has been too difficult for me."

He remained in silent thought for several minutes.

Then he looked up. "Tom!" he said sharply; "Tom! sit down here. I have got something for you to write in the Bible."

The three others looked at Mr Tulliver, wondering what this might mean. He began to speak slowly, looking first at his wife.

"I have made up my mind, Bessy: I swore to you to do what I could to make amends; and I'll do it. I'll stop in the old place, and I'll serve under Wakem; and I'll serve him like an honest man. I'll serve him as honestly as if he were not a rascal. I *am* an honest man—though I shall never hold up my head again: I am a tree that is broken, a tree that is broken."

He paused and looked on the ground. Then, suddenly raising his head, he said in a louder and deeper tone:

"But I won't forgive him! I won't forgive him! I wish he may be punished with shame until his own son would like to forget him! And you remember this, Tom—you must never forgive him either, if you mean to be my son. Perhaps a time will come when you may make him feel—feel something of what I am feeling now. Now write; write it in the Bible."

"Oh, father, what?" said Maggie, sinking down by his knee, pale and trembling. "It's wicked to curse and bear hatred!"

"It isn't wicked, I tell you," said her father fiercely. "It's wicked that rascals should prosper; it's the devil's doing. Do as I tell you, Tom. Write!"

"What am I to write?"

"Write that your father, Edward Tulliver, took service under John Wakem, the man who had ruined him, because he had

promised his wife to make her amends, and because he wanted to die in the old place where he was born and where his father was born. And then write: 'But I don't forgive Wakem for all that, and, though I'll serve him honestly, I hope that evil may come to him.' Write that!"

There was a dead silence as Tom's pen moved along the paper. Mrs Tulliver gazed out of frightened eyes and Maggie trembled like a leaf.

"Now let me hear what you have written," said Mr Tulliver.

Tom read aloud, slowly.

"Now write—write 'I, Thomas Tulliver, his son, will remember what Wakem has done to my father and I will make him and his suffer, if ever the chance comes,' and sign your name, 'Thomas Tulliver'."

"Oh, no, father; dear father;" cried Maggie, breathless with fear; "you shouldn't make Tom write that."

"Be quiet, Maggie," said Tom; "I *shall* write it."

Book Four

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

Twenty-eight

WOMANHOOD

Maggie was now on the edge of womanhood, when the mind is ordinarily full of new hopes, new dreams, new joys; yet this season of great change was to her the hardest time of all her life.

In the first shock of trouble it is easy to be brave, for pain is an excitement which helps us to put forth our strength. It is in the slow, changed life that follows, in the time when day follows day with unexpected sameness, that despair threatens us.

It was now that Maggie reached the time when she had greatest need of strength.

Tom went every morning to his business at Mr Deane's, and became more and more silent in the short time when he was at home in the evening: he thought of nothing but his dreams—his dreams of repairing the disaster.

Poor Mrs Tulliver would never recover her old self. She would never again work quietly and contentedly in the house as in the old days. How could she? All her little treasures were taken away; all her little hopes and plans were gone, and she remained wondering and confused in a life empty as her house. Why had this happened to her? It was pitiful to see this once beautiful woman getting thinner and more worn by restlessness of mind and of body. She would wander round the empty house after her work was done; she refused to sit down and rest. She would not let Maggie do any of the heaviest or dirty work, and became angry when Maggie tried to relieve her of it. "Let it alone, dear; your hands'll get hard. It's your mother's place to do that."

The restless condition of her mother was less painful to Maggie than her father's silent despair. There were hard lines about his mouth, and his dull eye never brightened with any eagerness or joy. He never lingered away from home: he

hurried back from the market; he refused all invitations to stay and talk, as in old times, in the houses where he called on business. He could not settle down to his new life. His pride was hurt by everything which was said to him. Even the days on which Wakem came to ride round the land and to inquire into the business were not so black to him as those market-days on which he had to meet persons to whom he still owed money. He was now bending all his thoughts and efforts to one purpose —payment of those debts. Mrs Tulliver could not be careful enough in their food; he would eat nothing himself that was not of the coarsest quality. Tom, though he hated his father's silent despair and the sadness of the home, entered thoroughly into his father's feelings about paying off the debts. He brought his money month by month and gave it to his father to put in the tin box which held the savings. The little store of coins in the tin box seemed to be the only sight that brought a faint beam of pleasure into Mr Tulliver's eyes.

Yet Mr Tulliver still kept the old feeling towards his "little girl". He needed her presence, although it did not seem to cheer him. She was still the desire of his eyes; but the sweet spring of fatherly love was mingled with bitterness, like everything else.

In the evenings Maggie would take her sewing and sit on a low chair by her father's knee. How she wished he would stroke her head or give some sign that he found joy in having a daughter who loved him.

As she sat there, Mr Tulliver was turning over and over in his mind the thought that his girl was growing up—was becoming a woman—and how was she to do well in life? She had a poor chance of marrying—down in the world as they were. He hated the thought of her marrying beneath her, as her aunt Gritty had done: he hated to think of her worn out by children and hard work as her aunt Moss was.

As she bent over her sewing, Maggie was a sight that anyone might have been pleased to look at. The new inward life of her soul shone out in her face with a soft, tender light, and an added loveliness enriched the colour and outline of her blossoming youth. Her mother felt the change in her, and wondered

that Maggie "should be growing up so well". She was getting fond of her tall, dark girl—the only bit of furniture now which she could care for with anxiety and pride. She would brush and carefully tend Maggie's hair—much against Maggie's wishes.

"Let your mother have that bit of pleasure, Maggie," said Mrs Tulliver. "I had trouble enough with your hair once. Our daughter's getting quite a beautiful girl, isn't she, Mr Tulliver?"

"I knew well enough what she'd be," was the reply; "it's nothing new to me. But it's a pity she's not made of commoner stuff. She'll be thrown away, I fear: there'll be nobody to marry her who is fit for her."

Maggie's graces of mind and body fed his grief.

Twenty-nine

IN THE RED DEEPS

Maggie was sitting at the window of her bedroom when she saw Mr Wakem entering the yard as usual on his fine black horse. But he was not alone as usual; someone was with him—a figure dressed in a long cloak, seated upon a handsome grey horse. It was Philip Wakem. He saw her and raised his hat, and his father looked sharply round.

Maggie did not go downstairs, for Mr Wakem sometimes came in and inspected the accounts, and she felt that the meeting with Philip would lose all its pleasure in the presence of the two fathers. Some day, perhaps, she would see him, and they would shake hands, and she would tell him that she remembered his goodness to Tom; but they could never be friends any more. She thought, besides, that Philip himself might be altered by his life abroad. He might have become quite different, and really not care about her speaking to him now. And yet his face was wonderfully little changed; it was

only a larger, more manly, copy of the pale boy's face with the grey eyes and the boyish, waving hair; and there was the old deformity to awaken the old pity. Maggie felt she really would like to say a few words to him. She wondered if he remembered how he used to like her eyes; and she half turned towards the square looking-glass hanging on the wall; then checked herself and took up her sewing.

Some minutes later she saw Philip and his father returning along the road.

One of Maggie's favourite walks was to a spot called "The Red Deeps", which lay beyond the hill on the south of Dorlcote Mill. There was an old stone-pit there, now disused and overgrown with trees. Grass had covered the wounded earth, and moss had clothed the fallen stones with a delicate fairy-carpet of green. There she would sit in a grassy hollow under the shadow of a branching tree, and listen to the hum of insects like tiniest bells on the garment of Silence, and watch the sunbeams which crept through the branches feeling, like silver fingers, for the wild flowers half-hidden in the grass below.

You may see her now as she enters the Deeps by a narrow path, her tall figure dressed in a simple blue gown. Now she takes off her hat and ties it over her arm. One would certainly suppose her to be further on in life than her seventeenth year. One has a sense of uneasiness in looking at her—a sense of opposing forces between which a fierce battle is bound to occur; and there is on her face that unnaturally calm expression, such as one often sees on older faces, hiding passionate fires beneath.

But Maggie herself was not uneasy at this moment. She was calmly enjoying the free air. She looked up at the old trees, and thought that those broken ends of branches were records of past storms which had only made the red trunks climb higher.

While her eyes were still turned upwards, she became conscious of a moving shadow cast by the evening sun on the grassy path before her. She looked down to see Philip Wakem. He came forward to her and put out his hand.

"You took me by surprise," said Maggie, smiling. "I never meet anyone here. How did you happen to be walking here?"

"I came to meet you," said Philip. "I wanted to see you very much. I waited a long time yesterday on the bank near your house to see if you would come out; but you never came. I went again today, and saw the way you took, and kept you in sight. I hope you are not displeased with me."

"No," said Maggie with simple seriousness. "I am very glad you came. I wanted to have an opportunity of speaking to you; but I was not sure that you would remember us so well as we remember you."

"I can't believe that you have thought of me so much as I have thought of you," said Philip. "Do you know that when I was away, I made a picture of you as you looked that morning in the study when you said you would not forget me."

Philip drew a small case from his pocket and opened it. It was the picture Philip had drawn of her long ago at Mr Stelling's house: Maggie saw her own self leaning on the table, with her black hair hanging down behind her ears, looking into space with strange, dreamy eyes.

"Oh," said Maggie, "what a queer little girl I was. I really was like a gipsy—I dare say I am now," she added after a little pause. "Am I like what you expected me to be?"

Philip met her eyes. "No, Maggie," he said quietly. "You are much more beautiful than I thought you would be."

She stood up and walked onward a few steps, and Philip walked by her side, watching her face. They passed out from among the trees and came to a green hollow surrounded by wild rose bushes. She stood still and looked at Philip.

"I wish we could have been friends; but I may not keep anything I used to love when I was little. The old books went, and Tom is different—and my father. I must lose everything that I cared for when I was a child—and you too. That was why I wanted to speak to you. If I behave as if I had forgotten all about you, you must understand. . . ."

There was a deepening expression of pain on Phillip's face.

"I know. I see what you mean," he said. "But is it right to sacrifice everything to other people's unreasonable feelings?"

"I don't know," said Maggie thoughtfully; "but I'm quite

sure that I would not wish to do anything which might make my father's life harder to him."

"Would it make his life harder if we were to see each other sometimes?" said Philip.

"He feels so strongly about some things," said Maggie. "I'm sure he wouldn't like it. He's not at all happy."

"Nor am I happy," said Philip; "*I* am not happy."

"Why?" asked Maggie very gently.

"There are things which we feel to be beautiful and good," he replied; "and we hunger after them; but I cannot have them. There are things that I long for, things that other men have—that will always be denied to me. My life will have nothing great or beautiful in it; and I would rather not have lived. Yet I should be content to live if you would let me see you sometimes. I have no other friend to whom I can tell everything—no one who cares about me. If I could only see you now and then, if you would let me talk to you a little, if we might always be friends in heart and help each other—then I might be glad of life."

"But how can I see you, Philip?" said Maggie.

"If you would let me see you here sometimes, walk with you here—that could harm no one's happiness, and it would sweeten my life. And if there is any hatred or ill-feeling between those who belong to us, ought we not all the more to try and end it by our friendship, and by our influence heal the wounds that have been made in the past?"

Maggie was silent. Opposing forces battled in her mind.

"I can't say either 'yes' or 'no'," she said at last, turning round and walking towards the way she had come. "I must wait, lest I should decide wrongly."

"May I come again then—tomorrow—or the next day—or next week? Tell me when it shall be; or, if you can't tell me, I will come as often as I can until I see you."

"I think it must be that," said Maggie; "for I can't be quite certain when I can come." She hastened forward.

"Don't hurry away from me without saying good-bye, Maggie," said Philip, as they reached the end of the path.

She paused.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand to him.

They stood looking at each other in silence with their hands clasped.

Then she looked round: "Oh, dear, the sun is setting! I have been too long away. Good-bye."

Thirty

A YEAR LATER

A year has passed since the scene which we described in the last chapter, and in that year Tom's fortunes have prospered exceedingly.

One might have prophesied that Tom would succeed: his strong will, his pride, his desire to repair the disasters of the past—all made one irresistible force bound to overcome all difficulties. Mr Deane watched him closely and soon began to have high hopes of him and to be proud that he had brought into his business a young fellow who appeared to be made of such good stuff.

Tom soon understood Mr Deane's real kindness in placing him in the store-house first. He learned so much there that, after a short time, he was entrusted by the firm with the task of buying various materials. His salary was raised; but, more than that, he was allowed to do some little trading on his own. He borrowed from his uncle Glegg a small sum of money which in the course of time quickly became greater, and he saw good hopes in the near future of being able to buy back the old mill.

It is an afternoon in early April. Maggie walked quickly along the path towards her favourite spot. There was a more eager, inquiring look in her eyes than there was last June, and there was a little smile on her lips as if some playful speech were waiting the right hearer.

The hearer was not long in appearing.

"Take back your 'Corinne'," said Maggie, laying a book in his hand. "You were right in telling me that she would do me no good, but you were wrong in thinking I would wish to be like her."

"You agree with me in not liking Corinne then?"

"I didn't finish the book," said Maggie. "As soon as I came to the golden-haired young lady who was reading in the park, I shut it up and decided to read no further. I foresaw that this fair-haired girl would win away all the love from Corinne and make her miserable. I am determined not to read any more books where the fair-haired women carry away all the happiness."

"I wonder," said Philip, "if you would think the same if you had. . . ."

"Philip," said Maggie, looking hurt, "that is not nice of you. The reason is that I always care most about the unhappy people in books. If the fair-haired girl were miserable, I should like her best. I always take the side of the lover who is refused in the stories."

"Then you would never have the heart to refuse one yourself, would you, Maggie?" said Philip.

"I don't know," she said doubtfully; then, with a smile, "I think I could if he were very proud and disagreeable. If he looked at me through an eyeglass making an ugly face, as young Torry does. I have never any pity for proud people, because they carry their comfort with them."

"But suppose, Maggie—suppose it were a man who is not proud, who has nothing to be proud about, who has been marked from childhood for a peculiar kind of suffering, a man to whom you are the day-star of his life, who has loved you so entirely that he feels it happiness enough if you let him see you at rare moments. . . ."

Philip paused with a sudden fear lest his confession should cut short this very happiness—a fear which had kept his love unspoken through all these long months. Maggie was silent; she sat down on the trunk of a tree, and Philip seated himself beside her. "Do you love me?" he said.

Her eyes met Philip's, liquid and beautiful with love. "I

think I could hardly love anyone better," she said. And she kissed him, almost as simply and quietly as she had done when she was twelve years old.

There was a sound in the bushes. They turned and saw Tom standing before them.

"You call yourself a man and a gentleman," he cried in a voice of scorn, as soon as Philip had risen.

"What do you mean?" answered Philip quietly.

"Mean? Stand further from me—or I might lay hands on you, and I'll tell you what I mean. I mean taking advantage of a young girl's foolishness to hold secret meetings with her. I mean attempting to bring shame upon my family which has a good and honest name."

"I deny that!" cried Philip fiercely. "I seek nothing but your sister's happiness: she is dearer to me than she is to you. I honour her more than you can ever honour her—than you have ever honoured her—and I would give up my life for her."

Tom looked at him. "Do you pretend that you have any right to tell her of your love—even if you had been a fit husband for her? You know well that neither her father nor your father would ever consent to a marriage between you. And yet you——"

"Can't you understand what I feel for your sister?" cried Philip.

"What I want you to understand," answered Tom, "is that if you dare to make the least attempt to come near her, or write to her, or keep the slightest hold upon her mind, your miserable, deformed body shall not protect you. I'll beat you. I'll hold you up to public scorn—and who wouldn't laugh at the idea of *your* turning lover!"

He seized Maggie's arm as he spoke and dragged her away. At last, when they were some distance from the place, with a violent effort Maggie drew her arm away. Her anger burst forth:

"Don't suppose that you're right, Tom, or that I bow to your will! I despise the feelings you have shown in speaking to Philip. I hate your insults to him for his deformity. You have

"You call yourself a man and a gentleman."

been blaming and despising other people all your life—you have always been so sure that you yourself are right. It's because you haven't a mind large enough to see that there's anything better than your own conduct and your own low aims. I hate you!"

Thirty-one

A HARD-WON TRIUMPH

Three weeks have passed; it is the month of May, and Dorclote Mill is at its prettiest moment in all the year. The great trees are in blossom, and the grass is deep and green. . . .

Tom Tulliver came home a little earlier than usual in the evening, and as he passed over the bridge he looked with the old deep-rooted affection at the solid, red-brick house which always seemed cheerful and inviting outside, even though the rooms were bare and the hearts were sad within. As he looked at the home, his firm step became quicker, and at the corner of his mouth there was the suggestion of a smile.

Mr Tulliver was in his arm-chair, tired with a long ride; Maggie was bending over her sewing, and her mother was making tea. They all looked up with surprise as he entered.

"Why, what's the matter, Tom?" said his father; "you're back earlier than usual."

"Oh, there was nothing more for me to do; so I came away. Well, mother!" He went up to his mother and kissed her—a sign of unusual good humour with him. But to Maggie he said nothing—hardly a word or look had passed between them during the last three weeks.

"Father," said Tom, when they had finished tea, "do you know exactly how much money there is in the tin box?"

"Only one hundred and ninety-three pounds," said Mr Tulliver. "You've brought me less money lately; young fellows

like to have their own way with their money. But I didn't do as I liked with my money when I was your age." He spoke with timid discontent.

"Are you quite sure that is the amount, father?" said Tom. "I wish you would take the trouble to fetch the tin box down. I think you have perhaps made a mistake."

"How should I make a mistake?" said his father sharply. "I've counted it often enough; but I will fetch it if you won't believe me." Mr Tulliver liked fetching the tin box and counting the money. It was the only thing in his sad life which seemed to give him any pleasure.

"Don't go out of the room, mother," said Tom, as he saw her preparing to carry the tea-things away.

"And isn't Maggie to go?" said Mrs Tulliver; "someone has got to take away these things."

"She can do just as she likes," said Tom coldly.

Tom came to the corner of the table near his father when the tin box was set down and opened. The red evening light shone upon their faces, revealing a look of sad weariness in the father's face and in Tom's a look of suppressed joy. The mother and Maggie sat at the other end of the table. Mrs Tulliver looked quietly patient, expecting nothing; but Maggie's heart was beating violently.

Mr Tulliver counted out the money and set it in order on the table. Then he glanced sharply at Tom. "There now! you see, I was right enough." He paused, looking at the money despairingly. "But there's more than three hundred pounds lacking before I can pay my debts. It will be a long time before I can save that. This world has been too difficult for me. It has taken four years to save this amount, and I don't suppose I shall live for another four years. . . . I must trust to you to pay them—if you still mean to do it now that you're growing up." He looked up in Tom's face doubtfully.

"No father," said Tom; "you shall live to see all the debts paid. You shall pay them with your own hand." There was in his voice something more than a mere expression of hope. An electric shock seemed to pass through Mr Tulliver, and he kept his eyes fixed on Tom with a look of eager inquiry.

Tom paused a little before he went on. "Some time ago my uncle Glegg lent me a little money to trade with, and that has succeeded. It has succeeded so well that I have the money to pay all your debts."

His mother's arms were around his neck as soon as the last words were uttered: "Oh, my boy, I knew you'd make everything right again when you became a man."

But his father was silent—speechless with emotion. Then suddenly the grey-haired man burst into loud sobs. At last he looked up at his wife and said in a gentle tone, "Bessy, you must come and kiss me now; the lad has made you amends."

She kissed him, and he held her hand for a minute; then his thoughts went back to the money.

"I wish you'd brought me the money to look at, Tom," he said, fingering the coins on the table. "I should have felt surer."

"You shall see it tomorrow, father," said Tom. "My uncle Deane has arranged a meeting of all those to whom you owe money tomorrow at the hotel; and he has ordered a dinner for them at two o'clock. There was a notice about it in the paper on Saturday."

"Then Wakem knows of it!" said Mr Tulliver, his eye bright with triumph. "He knows it, and I shan't be under Wakem's thumb any longer. Oh, Wakem would be glad to have a son like mine—a fine, straight fellow—instead of that poor, deformed creature. You'll prosper in the world, my lad, and perhaps you will see the day when Wakem and his son will be below you. Shake hands with me, my lad," he said suddenly, putting out his hand. "It's a great thing when a man can be proud that he has got a good son."

It was long before Mr Tulliver got to sleep that night; and the sleep, when it came, was filled with restless dreams. At half-past five in the morning he alarmed Mrs Tulliver by sitting up in bed with a shout.

"What's the matter?" said his wife.

He looked round in a wondering way at the walls of the bedroom.

"What's the matter?" he repeated.

"Ah, I was dreaming.... Did I make a noise?... I—I thought I had got hold of him in my hands."

Thirty-two

A DAY OF VENGEANCE

The next day, when Mr Tulliver was seated at table in the hotel, his eye was bright, and he looked more like the proud, warm-hearted Tulliver of old times. After the meal he made a speech with his old confident eagerness, talking about "honest men" and "rascals", and the triumph which had been won by hard efforts and the aid of a good son. The party broke up quietly at five o'clock.

Tom remained at St Ogg to attend to some business, but Mr Tulliver mounted his horse to go home and to describe these great events to Bessy and his "little girl". He had an air of excitement that was due, not to the good dinner, but to the powerful wine of triumphant joy. He did not ride through any back street today, but passed slowly with uplifted head along the main road all the way to the bridge. Why did he not happen to meet Wakem? It vexed him that he did not meet Wakem; and this small disappointment planted a seed of anger in his mind. Perhaps Wakem had gone out of town today on purpose to avoid seeing or hearing anything of an honourable action: anything honourable *would* be unpleasant to Wakem. If Wakem were to meet him then, Mr Tulliver would look straight at him, and the rascal would perhaps not be so cool and so certain of himself as he usually was. Presently Wakem would know that an honest man was not going to serve *him* any longer and lend his honesty to fill a pocket already over-full of dishonest gains.

Still in this angry state of mind, Mr Tulliver approached the gates of Dorlcote Mill. As he came near them he saw a well-

known figure coming out on a fine black horse. They met about fifty yards from the gates.

"Tulliver!" said Wakem in a sharper tone than usual, "what a fool's trick you've done, spreading those hard masses of earth on the upper field; but you men will never learn how to manage a farm properly."

"Oh," said Tulliver, his rage boiling up within him; "get somebody else to manage your farm then!—somebody who will ask *you* to teach him!"

"You've been drinking, I suppose," said Wakem.

"No, I've not been drinking," said Tulliver. "I don't need wine to help me to decide that I'll serve no longer under a rascal."

"Very well," said Wakem, "you can go tomorrow; but hold your insolent tongue and let me pass"—for Tulliver had turned his horse across the road so that Wakem could not get by.

"No, I shan't let you pass," said Tulliver. "I shall tell you what I think of you first. You're too big a rascal to get hanged! You're——"

"Let me pass, you ignorant fool, or I'll ride over you."

Mr Tulliver made a rush forward, raising his whip. Wakem's horse was frightened, and threw his rider from the saddle. Before he could rise, Tulliver had sprung off his horse too. The sight of the long-hated enemy down on on the ground and in his power threw him into a madness of triumphant vengeance. He rushed at Wakem and beat him fiercely with his riding whip. Wakem shouted for help, but no help came. His mad anger seemed to give Tulliver unnatural strength. He held Wakem down on the ground and beat him.

A woman's scream was heard, and the cry of "Father! Father!"

The blows ceased.

"Get away with you—go!" cried Tulliver, but it was not to Wakem that he spoke.

The lawyer looked up and saw that Tulliver's arms were held by a girl.

"Father, come——" cried Maggie, still holding his arms, while Mrs Tulliver stood by in silence, quivering with fear.

And then Maggie became conscious that her father was beginning to hold on to her and lean on her.

"I feel ill—faint," he said. "Help me in, Bessy. I've got a pain in the head." He walked in slowly, helped by his wife and daughter, and fell into his chair. His face was deathly pale and his hand was cold.

"Hadn't we better send for the doctor?" said Mrs Tulliver.

"Doctor," he whispered, "no—no doctor. It's my head—that's all. Help me to bed.

Tom, tired out by his busy day, had soon fallen asleep: it seemed to him as if he had only just come to bed when he waked to see his mother standing by him in the grey light of early morning.

"My boy, you must get up this minute; I've sent for the doctor, and your father wants you and Maggie to come to him. He has been very ill all night with a pain in his head; then suddenly he said, 'Bessy, fetch the boy and girl; tell them to make haste'."

Maggie and Tom reached their father's room almost at the same moment. He was watching for them with an expression of pain on his brow. Maggie was at the bedside first, but her father's glance was towards Tom, who came and stood next to her.

"Tom, my lad, I know that I shan't get up again.... This world has been too difficult for me, my lad; but you've done what you could to make things right. Shake hands with me again, my lad, before I go away from you."

The father and son clasped hands and looked at each other an instant.

"There's your mother—you'll try to make her amends, all you can, for my bad luck.... And there's my little girl...."

The father turned his eyes on Maggie with an eager look.

"Kiss me, Maggie. Don't grieve, my little girl. There will come someone who'll love you and take your part.... Come, Bessy...."

He looked away from them and lay silent for some minutes. The morning light was growing clearer and they could see

the heaviness gathering in his face and the dullness in his eyes.

"I had my turn," he whispered. "I beat him. That was only fair. I never wanted anything that wasn't fair."

"But, father, dear father," said Maggie, "you forgive him—you forgive everyone now?"

He didn't move his eyes to look at her, but he said, "No, my girl, I don't forgive him. I don't forgive rascals."

His voice became thicker. He moved his lips again and again, struggling in vain to speak.

And then there came from him some broken words—"This world . . . too difficult . . . honest man . . . difficult——"

The loud, hard breathing ceased; the cold dew gathered on his brow. Silence—and rest.

Thirty-three

FLOOD

After the death of her father, it was not possible for Maggie to remain long at the old mill. To meet her brother every day, to bear his bitter silences was more than her heart could suffer. She stayed there so long as she felt she could help her mother to settle down to the changed life; but it was little she could do for her. After a few unbearable weeks, during which Tom's anger and disapproval seemed rather to increase than to diminish, she decided at last to move into St Ogg to the home of Mrs Jakin, whose son Bob had been a playmate of their childhood.

Mr Wakem was still seriously ill. From Philip she had received one brief, piteous letter: then silence.

There seemed in the future no hope for her, no forgiveness. The sins of the fathers were visited upon the children—upon her.

It was the second week of June. Maggie was sitting in her lonely room, battling with her regrets and fears. It was past midnight, and the rain was beating heavily against the window, driven by the pitiless rushing wind.

During the previous week there had been continuous rain on the upper part of the river. And now for the last two days the rain on this lower course of the river had been unceasing. Old men shook their heads and talked of sixty years ago, when the same sort of weather brought on great floods which swept the bridge away and reduced the town to great misery. But the younger people, who had seen several small floods, thought little of these prophecies. Mrs Jakin regretted their having taken a house by the river-side; but Bob replied that, being by the river-side they had boats—which were the most lucky of possessions in case of a flood.

But now the careless and the fearful were alike sleeping in their beds, for it was past midnight—all except some lonely watchers such as Maggie. She sat, unconscious how the hours were going, careless of seeking rest; she could see no rest for her in the future.

At last, with a cry of despair, she fell on her knees beside the table and buried her face in her hands. Her soul went out to the Unseen Pity that would be with her to the end: "Oh, God," she cried, "if my life is to be long, let me live to bless and comfort those whom I love."

She felt something strange—a feeling of cold about her knees and feet. It was water flowing under her. She stood up: the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. It was the flood!

The fierce emotions which she had been enduring for the last few hours seemed to have left a great calm in her. Without a word or cry, she took her candle and hurried upstairs to Bob Jakin's room. The door was half open. She went in and shook him by the shoulder.

"Bob, the flood has come! It's in the house! We must make the boats safe."

While Bob put on his clothes, she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. She saw that the last step of the stairs was already under water. While she was looking, something struck the window with a fearful *crash*, and sent the glass and the wooden frame inwards in pieces. And the water came pouring in after it.

"It's the boat!" cried Maggie. "Bob, come down and get the boats!"

Without a moment's fear she pushed her way through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, climbed through the window and crept into the boat. Bob was not long after her. He came hurrying down with a lamp in his hand.

"Why, they're both here, both the boats!" said Bob, as he got into the one in which Maggie was. "It's wonderful that this rope hasn't broken."

He climbed into the other boat and began to untie the rope —without thinking of the danger in which Maggie stood.

"The water's rising so fast," he said, "that I fear it will be in at the upper rooms before long; the house is so low. I'd like to get my mother and sister into the boat if I can. . . . But what about you?" he exclaimed suddenly, turning the light of his lamp on Maggie as she stood there in the rain, her black hair streaming.

Maggie had no time to answer, for a new rush of water swept along the line of the house and drove both the boats out into the middle of the river. . . .

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing—thought of nothing. She seemed suddenly to have passed away from the life which she had been dreading. It was like death without its pain.

She was alone in the darkness with God.

Thirty-four

THE WATERS OF COMFORT

The whole thing had been so rapid—so dream-like, that the ordinary threads of thought were broken. Maggie sank down on the seat of the boat, and for a long time had no clear idea of her position.

The first thing that wakened her to fuller consciousness was a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest line of light separating the black curtain of overhanging sky from the immeasurable watery level below. She had been driven out upon the flood—that dreadful disaster of which her father used to talk—that thing which made terrible her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed into her mind a vision of the old home, and Tom, and her mother.

"Oh, God! where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out in the dim loneliness. What was happening to them at the mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger—in distress: her mother and her brother alone there beyond the reach of help! Her whole soul was filled with that thought. She saw the long-loved faces looking for aid into the darkness, and finding none.

She was floating now on smooth water—perhaps far away on the over-flooded fields. She tried to pierce with her eyes the wall of darkness so that she might catch the first sight which would tell her where she was—that she might catch some faint suggestion of the way to her old home.

There was a gradual uplifting of the cloudy sky, and the blackness below slowly formed itself into dimly perceived shapes. Yes—she must be out in the fields. Those were the tops of the hedges. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her she saw a line of black trees: looking before her, there were none: therefore the river lay before her. She began to row the boat forward with the energy of awakening hope. The dawn seemed to advance more swiftly now that she was in action.

She could see the poor cattle crowding piteously on a little hill upstanding above the flood.

Onward she rowed in the growing twilight. Her wet clothes hung around her and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind. But she was hardly conscious of any bodily feelings except a sense of strength inspired by a mighty emotion. Along with a sense of danger and possible risk for those long-remembered loved ones at the old home, there was a half-conscious sense of peace with her brother. What quarrel, what harshness, what disbelief, can remain in the presence of a great disaster, when all the unreal garments of our life are torn away and we are all one with each other in the simplest needs. Dimly Maggie felt this; and a great renewal of love towards her brother swept away all later impressions of cruel offence and misunderstanding, leaving only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

But now there was a large, dark mass in the distance, and Maggie could see the current of the river near to her. That dark mass must be—yes, it was St Ogg. Now she knew which way to look for the well-known trees—and, above them, the old roof: but there was no colour, no shape yet; all was faint and dim.

More and more strongly the energies seemed to come and put themselves forth, as if her life were a stored-up force that was being spent in this hour, unneeded for any future.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house. This was the thought that came to her—but then she might be carried too far down and be unable to get her boat out of the current again. For the first time, a clear idea of danger began to press upon her; but there was no room for doubt or delay, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went on now without effort. More and more clearly, in the lessening distance and the growing light, she began to perceive the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs. And that rushing, muddy current—that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

Great God! There were floating masses in it that might dash against her boat and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses?

Maggie's heart began to beat in terror: she sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along—more clearly conscious of the possible disaster.

But the horror passed: it passed away before the oncoming store-houses of St Ogg. The mouth of the Ripple was behind her: *now* she must use all her skill and power to get the boat out of the current. With new resolution she began to row. But, as the river neared the sea, the current became swifter, and she was carried along beyond the bridge.

She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then she rowed with all her might across the watery fields back towards the mill. The daylight was stronger now: as she approached the Dorlcote fields she could see the colours of the trees—how deep they stood in the water! and the roof of the mill—where was it? Those heavy masses hurrying down the Ripple—what did they mean? But no, it was not the house—the house stood firm. The water was above the lower windows, but it was still firm—or was it broken at the end?

With breathless joy she knew that she was there at last—joy that overcame all distress. She neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound: she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs window. She called out in a loud, piercing voice:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here's Maggie."

Soon from the window of that little room under the roof she heard Tom's voice: "Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It's I, Tom. It's Maggie. Where's mother?"

"She's not here: she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window."

. . .

"Alone, Maggie?"

"Alone, Maggie?" said Tom in a voice of deep astonishment as he opened the window on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat. "I fear Luke is drowned. He was carried down, I think, when part of the mill fell. I've shouted again and again and there's been no answer. Let me row, Maggie."

Tom pushed off: they were on the wide water—and he was face to face with Maggie. And then at last the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with an overpowering force—it was a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision—that vision of his which he had fancied to be so keen and clear. The revelation was so overpowering that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other, Maggie with eyes of eager life looking out from a weary, beaten face—Tom pale with a certain awe and a new humbleness. Thought was busy though the lips were silent; and, though he could ask no question, he guessed the story of the miracle of effort which her love had wrought.

At last a mist gathered over his blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word that they could utter, the old, childish "Magsie!"

Maggie could make no answer—only a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wonderful happiness which is one with pain.

Tom rowed with untired strength and the boat was soon in the current of the river again. But a new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden beams and machinery had fallen from one of the store-houses on the river-front and huge pieces of it were being floated along. The sun was rising now and the grey, watery waste was spread out in dreadful clearness around them. In dreadful clearness floated onward the hurrying, threatening masses.

A large company of men in a boat near the houses observed their danger and shouted: "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once; and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge objects hanging

together in fatal union made one wide mass across the stream.

"It's coming, Maggie!" Tom said in a deep voice, and clasped her in his arms....

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water—and the huge mass was hurrying on in dreadful triumph.

Soon the bottom of the boat reappeared, a black dot on the golden surface.

The boat reappeared—but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted, living through again in one perfect moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and wandered the flowery fields together.

QUESTIONS

1. 1. On what stream is Dorlcote Mill?
   2. What month is it when the story begins?
   3. Who is standing near the mill?
   4. What is the name of the people in the mill?

2. 1. What did Mr T. want to do?
   2. Whose advice did Mrs T. want to ask?
   3. Whose advice will Mr T. ask?
   4. What sort of a girl is Maggie? "—— but ——."

   1. What colour is Maggie's skin?
   2. "Maggie's hair won't —(*a*)— but Lucy has a lot of —(*b*)—."
   3. "What's the use of my telling you to —(*a*)—? You'll fall in and be —(*b*)— some day."
   4. Why was Mrs T. surprised at Mr T.?

3. 1. What sort of a person was Mr Riley?
   2. At what things is Tom clever?
   3. Who was Mr Stelling?
   4. How much will Mr T. pay to Mr S.?

4. 1. Why was Maggie angry?
   2. Where did she go?
   3. What had she done to the head of the doll?
   4. Who was Yap?

   1. In what way was Luke like Tom?
   2. Why will T. be sad?
   3. What had T. told M. to do?
   4. Where did M. go?

5. 1. What was T.'s only greeting?
   2. What had T. in his pocket?
   3. Why did two boys fight T.?

   1. What did M. offer to T.?
   2. Tom said, "You shan't —— —— tomorrow."
   3. Where did T. go?
   4. Where did M. go?
   5. What did M. think the others were doing?

   1. What had T. been doing? —(*a*)—(*b*)—.
   2. What did Mrs T. think had happened to M.?
   3. What did T. give M.?
   4. Why did T. praise M. next morning?

6. 1. Who was Kezia?
2. What does Mrs T. hope to get for her children from the aunts?
3. Why does Mrs T. fear her children may not get this (2)?
4. Who will be asked to stay for a day or two?

7. 1. Which aunt came first?
2. What offer made the aunt angry?
3. What did Mr and Mrs. P. look like? "A —(*a*)— beside a —(*b*)—."
4. Why was Mrs P. crying?

1. What made Mrs T. envious?
2. Why did Mrs G. say "Humph!"?
3. What did Mrs T. whisper to M.?
4. What did M. whisper to T.?

1. What did M. do upstairs?
2. T. said, "You look like the ——."
3. What three things made M. go down to dinner? (*a*), (*b*), (*c*).

1. What was the most cruel thing Mr P. ever said?
2. Mr G. said, "She should be sent to ——."
3. What moments did M. never forget?

8. 1. Mrs G. said, "It would be better for some people if they would ——."
2. Mr T. said to Mrs G., "I should think you are one of them." One of whom?
3. What is Mrs G. over-ready at giving?
4. In what way is Mr T.'s family better than Mrs G.'s family?

9. 1. Mrs. T. said, "Suppose —(*a*)—, it would be very difficult for you to —(*b*)—."
2. What was the effect of this speech on Mr T.?
3. Why could not Mr T. pay off his debts?
4. Why did Mr T. go to see Mr M.?

1. What did Mrs M. say that pleased Mr. T.?
2. What words went straight to Mr T.'s heart? "I hope your —(*a*)—, will always be —(*b*)—."
3. Did Mr T. make M. pay the money?

10. 1. Who arrived at eleven?
2. What happened at twelve?
3. What did M. do which made T. angry?

1. What happened to M.'s cake?
2. What did M. want Mr P. to do?
3. What did M. do to Tom?

1. What did Mrs T. ask Mrs P. to do?
2. What did not Mrs T. know?
3. What did Mrs P. do when the door opened?
4. What did Mr P. do?

11. 1. Where did T. take L.?
2. What did M. do to L.?

1. What did T. say he would do?
2. Where did Mrs T. find T.?
3. Where did T. leave M.?
4. What did Mrs T. fear?

12. 1. Why did M. want to go to the gipsies?
2. What did M. decide to do about her father?
3. What did M. see in the lane?
4. What were "unnatural"?

1. Who was standing by the fire?
2. "Maggie wished that the woman ——."
3. What did M. hope?

1. What happened to M.'s hat?
2. What did the old woman think about Columbus?
3. What food was M. offered?
4. What was the "new terror"?
5. What did M. feel to be "impossible"?

1. What (other) food was offered to M.?
2. How will M. go home?
3. What did M. think about the two cottages?
4. Whom did M. meet on a horse?

13. 1. What had Mr G. resolved?
2. What advice did Mr G. give about Mrs G.'s money?
3. What book did Mrs G. take upstairs?
4. What did the Gleggs do in the evening?
5. From whom did Mr T. borrow £500?

14. 1. Who was Tom's previous schoolmaster?
2. What subject did Tom find very difficult?
3. "For the first time in his life Tom had a feeling that ——"
4. What did Mrs S. make Tom do?
5. For what did Tom long?

15. 1. What two things does "*Bonus*" mean?
2. For how long did Mr S. ask M. to stay?
3. How would M. find out what was inside a book?

1. How did T. and M. make a loud noise?
2. What sort of a woman will M. be?

3. In what part of the Latin book was M. interested?
4. What did Mr S. say that humbled Maggie?

1. What did Mr S. say about girls?
2. What did T. understand as a result of M.'s questions?
3. "How we love these long companions of our lives." What are these companions?

16. 1. What made this Christmas better than usual?
2. What had Mr Pivart done to make Mr T. angry?
3. What did Mrs Moss hope Mr T. would not do?
4. "I know who is behind all this!" Who is?
5. What made Mr T. secretly proud?

17. 1. What was Philip doing?
2. Had Philip done more or less Latin than Tom?
3. "Well, I can do that, then," said Tom. Do what?
4. What stories will Ph. tell T.?
5. What does Ph. think of fishing?

18. 1. Who was Mr Poulter?
2. What did T. ask Mr P. to bring?
3. Why did T. go to call Ph.?
4. What was Ph. doing?
5. What did Ph. say to T.?
6. What did T. say to Ph.?
7. Why did T. give Mr P. five shillings?

19. 1. What did M. think of Ph.?
2. What did Ph. think of M.?
3. How had Tom dressed himself for M. to see?
4. Why did M. get up on the bed?
5. "She could not sorrow —(*a*)—; it seemed as if —(*b*)—."

20. 1. What was the fear in T.'s mind?
2. What did Ph. tell T.?
3. What did T. then say to Ph.?

21. 1. Where was Philoctetes put?
2. "Maggie felt she had said the wrong thing." What did she say?
3. What did M. say she would do when she met Ph. again?
4. What did Mr T. say about blood?

22. 1. How old is M. now?
2. Where is she now?
3. How did M. greet Ph. when they met?
4. What had T. bought?
5. Where is Ph.?
6. What had happened to Mr T.? (Two things.)

23. 1. What did Mr T. want Furley to do?
2. Why could not Furley do this?
3. For what did Mr T. call when he was ill?
4. For whom did Mr T. call?
5. What did T. say he would do when he was a man?
6. What did T. tell M. not to do?

24. 1. What did M. smell?
2. Who was the rough man?
3. Where was Mrs T.?
4. What was Mrs T. doing?
5. What does Mr G. say the family must buy?
6. M. said, "Mother, how can you talk so?—as if you cared only for —(*a*)— and not for —(*b*)—."
7. In Mr T.'s room the children forgot everything else ——. Except what?

25. 1. Who did not come?
2. What was the illness of Mr Car?
3. "We have come together this morning to consult about ——." What?
4. "Haven't Mr and Mrs Moss seen you yet? If —(*a*)—, they ought to be —(*b*)—."

1. Why did Mrs T. go upstairs?
2. What did Mrs T. bring in her hands?
3. What did T. say the aunts ought to do?
4. What did M. say to the aunts? "Tom and I don't —(*a*)—. We'll —(*b*)—."

1. Mr G. said to Mrs Moss, "If Mr T. is —(*a*)— and he has got a —(*b*)—, you will be —(*c*)—."
2. What had Mr T. said to T. about the £300.
3. What did Mr G. say about destroying the note? "You are taking —(*a*)— to make —(*b*)—."
4. What did T. answer to this (3)?

26. 1. To whom was the land and mill sold?
2. What did the new owner tell Mrs T.?
3. Why did the clerk show contempt to T.?
4. What was Mr Deane doing?

1. About what had T. come to ask advice?
2. What necessary thing did T. not know?
3. What work did Mr D. advise T. to take?
4. What will T. set about at once?
5. What did M. say about this (4)?

27. 1. After how long was Mr T. able to leave his bed?
2. (*a*) What did M. want to do? (*b*) Whom did she want to get away from Mr T.?

3. What work did Kezia make Mrs T. do?
4. Why did Mr T. call for his horse? "—— to go and ——."
5. What did Luke say?

1. M. said, "Tom will ——." Do what?
2. What did Mr T. swear to do to Bessy?
3. What did Mrs T. want Mr T. to do?

1. What did Tom write in the Bible? "I, E.T., took —(*a*)— because —(*b*)— and because —(*c*)—. But I don't —(*d*)— and I hope —(*e*)—." "I, T.T., will remember —(*f*)— and I will make —(*g*)— if ever —(*h*)—."

28. 1. Where did T. go every morning?
2. Why was T. more and more silent?
3. Why could not Mrs T. work contentedly in the house?
4. To what purpose was Mr T. bending all his thoughts?
5. What change did Mrs T. perceive in Maggie?
6. Why was Mr T. anxious about Maggie?

29. 1. Who was on the grey horse?
2. Why did not M. go down?
3. To what place did M. walk?

1. How did Ph. "happen to be walking here"?
2. What did Ph. show to M.?
3. Why had M. wanted to speak to Ph.? To tell him that ——.
4. What did Ph. ask M. to do?
5. What did M. answer?

30. 1. With what work was Tom entrusted?
2. What was T. allowed to do?
3. From whom did T. borrow money?
4. Tom saw good hopes of ——. Doing what?

1. When did M. decide not to read further?
2. Whose side does M. always take?
3. What question did Ph. ask M.?
4. What did M. answer?

1. Tom said to Ph.: "Do you pretend that you have any right to —(*a*)—, even if —(*b*)—. You know well that —(*c*)—."
2. What did T. threaten to do to Ph.?
3. M. said to T., "I hate you for your——." For what?

31. 1. What was an unusual sign of good humour in Tom?
2. What did T. ask his father after tea?
3. What did T. say his father should see?
4. What did Mr T. wish T. had brought?
5. When and where will the meeting be?
6. What would Wakem be glad to have?
7. What did Mr T. dream?

32. 1. At what was Mr T. disappointed?
2. For what did Wakem blame Mr T.?
3. What did Mr T. do to Wakem?
4. Who stopped Mr T. doing this?
5. "Had we better send for a doctor?" What did Mr. T. answer?

1. Whom had Mr T. told Bessy to fetch?
2. What did Mr T. say to T. as he lay dying?
3. What did Mr T. say to M.?
4. (*a*) What did M. ask her father? (*b*) What did he answer?

33. 1. Why could not M. stay at the mill?
2. Where did M. go?
3. Why did the old men shake their heads?
4. What did M. say in her prayer?
5. What did M. feel at her knees?
6. Whom did M. call?

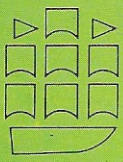
1. What struck the window?
2. What would Bob like to do?
3. "But what about you?" Why could not M. answer this question?
4. "Maggie seemed suddenly to have —(*a*)—. It was like —(*b*)—, and she was —(*c*)—."

34. 1. What wakened M. to fuller consciousness?
2. What vision came into M.'s mind?
3. Where was the boat floating?
4. In which direction was the river?

1. What happens "in the presence of a great disaster"? (Give the words of the book as nearly as you can.)
2. M. felt a great renewal of ——. What?
3. "Her energies came and put themselves forth as if ——." As if what?
4. What did M. see in the Ripple?

1. What was M. able to do at Tofton?
2. With what was M.'s boat level?
3. Where was Mrs T.?
4. What had happened to Luke?

1. What word did T. say to M.?
2. "Maggie could make no answer, only ——." (Give the words of the book.)
3. What was the new danger?
4. What did the men shout?
5. (Learn the last four lines of the book by heart.)



New Method Supplementary Readers

Stage 5

Vice Versa *F Anstey*

Emma *Jane Austen*

The Rosary *Florence Barclay*

Return to Treasure Island
John Connell

Lord Jim *Joseph Conrad*

A Christmas Carol
David Copperfield
Charles Dickens

Tom Jones *Henry Fielding*

The Gun *C S Forester*

A Message from Mars
Richard Ganthony

Great Men and Women
L W Leavitt

Allan Quatermain
King Solomon's Mines
Sir H Rider Haggard

Twelfth Night and
The Taming of the Shrew
William Shakespeare

The Black Arrow
Treasure Island
R L Stevenson

Anna Karenina *Leo Tolstoy*

Seven Detective Stories

Singing Wind and other stories

Stage 6

Silas Marner *George Eliot*

Morning Star
Sir H Rider Haggard

Ivanhoe *Sir Walter Scott*

The Time Machine *H G Wells*

Stage 7

The Mill on the Floss
George Eliot

ISBN 0 582 53538 7

Stage 7 / The Mill on the Floss / George Eliot

Longman